

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1903.

NO. 43.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:38 P. M. Daily.	
4:53 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:33 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 2:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.	6:45	12:10
" South.	7:33	2:33
" "	12:10	12:38
" "	7:03	6:56

MAIL CLOSURES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North.	9:10	12:10
South.	6:15	6:25

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Gruber.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg.	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

Shortage in Salmon Pack.

Portland, Or.—According to salmon canners the packing in Columbia river for the season just closed will show a decrease of 50,000 cases as compared with last year's pack of 300,000 cases. More fish entered the river than for many seasons, but the bulk came during the past two weeks when the largest runs in the history of the river took place. In that short time the capacity of the canneries was wholly inadequate to dispose of the enormous quantity of fish though the shortage of the first part of the season was only partially overcome.

Boy Killed by Comrade.

Santa Ana.—Word has reached here of an encounter at Yorba, ten miles from here, between two Mexican boys, as a result of which Laonca Yorba is dead and Ramon Cooper is under arrest for causing his death. The two were enemies and as they were returning from home Cooper attacked Yorba with his bare hands, throwing him violently to the ground. Yorba rose, when Cooper released him and then fell back dead. No weapons were used, and it is thought that the fall ruptured a blood vessel. Cooper was immediately placed under arrest.

Northwest Is to Be Advertised.

Portland.—A. L. Craig, general passenger agent of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, states that the Hartman lines will appropriate \$50,000 for the purpose of advertising the Pacific Northwest at the St. Louis Exposition.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related In Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

Joseph Snedley, a veteran of the Mexican War and a pioneer of Humboldt, died at Eureka at the age of 82.

Rev. Father Lynch died at Arroyo Grande last week. He was in charge of the Catholic church there for fifteen years.

Mrs. Clara Burbank, widow of the founder of the town of Burbank and of the Burbank Theater in Los Angeles, is dead.

W. A. Lamasney, an old soldier from the Santa Monica Soldiers' Home, was struck by a Pasadena electric car and died at the Receiving Hospital soon after.

Willie Carr, the nine-year-old son of Charles Carr of Rhonerville, Humboldt county, shot his three-year-old brother, Tommy, through the chest with a .32-caliber revolver. The child will recover.

D. L. Wilbur, father of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur of the Stanford physiology department, died at his home in Los Angeles last week. Professor Wilbur recently left for a year's absence in Europe.

George Taylor, for many years a foreman at the railroad shops in Sacramento, died suddenly last week. The attending physician said death was caused by ptomaine poisoning from eating canned meat.

Winfield Scott Barnheisel, assistant engineer of the municipal light and water works of Palo Alto, left for Wisconsin recently to marry a girl whom he had not seen since she was a little girl of 6 or 7 years. He returned with his bride last week.

Marvel Stillwell, a pioneer miner of Douglas City, Trinity county, was found dead in his cabin on Point Bar by an Indian who chanced to pass by. He had been dead for two or three days. Being a man of 77 years, it is thought that he died from natural causes.

E. M. Dewey, a farmer living in the southern section of San Joaquin county, swore to a complaint charging Thomas D. Gardenhire, a farm laborer, with having eloped with Dewey's twelve-year-old daughter. Gardenhire and the girl left and were caught at Chico.

Manager I. O. Jillson of the Gladstone mine, one of the best paying gold properties in the French Gulch district, near Redding, discharged seventy-five miners and closed the mine. The miners had demanded more wages, shorter hours and recognition of the union. Jillson says he would rather quit mining than grant the demands.

The body of E. P. Woodruff of Salem, Or., was found lying on the bed in his room at the Arcade Hotel in Los Angeles, death having apparently resulted from natural causes. From letters found in the man's pocket it was learned that he was a brother of J. M. Woodruff, senior member of the stove manufacturing firm of Woodruff Bros. of Salem. He was about 60 years of age.

Captain Harry E. Smith of Detroit, Mich., who has been a guest at the Riviera Hotel at Long Beach, since last November, is missing, and considerable anxiety is felt for his safety. He left the house August 31, presumably to go to Los Angeles, and did not return. The missing man's trunks and all of his clothes were left behind. Captain Smith lost his health in Cuba and has been at Long Beach recuperating.

The body of Vincente Moricich, an Avalon fish dealer, was found in the bay at Avalon. George W. Adams, a boat solicitor, rowed twelve Utah tourists out in a glass-bottomed boat. On the return trip over the marine gardens, at the east side of the bay, the members of the party discovered a man lying on the bottom in about twenty-five feet of water. The body was brought up with grappling hooks

and taken ashore. Young Moricich weighed almost 200 pounds and was subject to epileptic fits.

Mrs. Mary Sears, an aged resident of St. Helena, met her death through an attempt to alight from a moving train at Batavia. Mrs. Sears was on her way from St. Helena to Maxwell to visit her son, and as the train was pulling out of Batavia depot she made an attempt to get off the cars. She was thrown with considerable violence, striking the ground heavily with her head. She died without having regained consciousness.

The home of J. B. Graves on Coffee creek was burned recently. It was the finest dwelling in Trinity county, being built shortly after the Graves brothers, a few years ago, sprang into fortune by finding a \$32,000 nugget in their Blue Jay mine on Coffee creek. The fire was due to a defective flue. Only a little furniture was saved from the ground floor. The loss is \$10,000, with an insurance of \$4000 on the building and \$1000 on the furniture.

Grass Valley has been visited by two serious fires within fifteen hours. Flames destroyed Noel's grocery and a dwelling house adjoining, occupied by William Trebilox and family. Mrs. Trebilox was taken from the burning building through a window. Her husband then re-entered for the baby. He was overcome by smoke and both he and the child were rescued by firemen. The loss will be partially covered by insurance. Fire also destroyed a house belonging to Thomas Quinn of San Francisco. The contents were a complete loss.

The development of a large tract of land, consisting of several hundred thousand acres, lying immediately south of the Imperial settlement, along and just south of the Mexican boundary, is indicated by preliminary contracts that have been made with Guillermo Andrade, Mexican Consul at Los Angeles, by the Colorado River Land Company, a Mexican corporation, and the California-Mexico Land and Cattle Company, a California corporation. These contracts, just recorded at San Diego, will perfect title to water rights of the big land company on this side of the line.

ZEBRULAS MAY

SUPPLANT MULES

Cross Between the Horse and Zebra Best for Army and Packing.

Washington.—The prophecy that the zebra will in time supplant the mules of the army and the ordinary mule of commerce is made by United States Consul-General Richard Guenther at Frankfurt, Germany. He sends an official report to the State Department on the future chances of the zebra cross between the horse and zebra, and says:

"It has been demonstrated that the mule cross between the horse and donkey is inferior to the cross between the horse and zebra. Compared with horses and cattle, the zebra possesses peculiar advantages, as they are immune against the very dangerous horse diseases of Africa and also the deadly tsetse fly.

"The zebra, on account of its form and general bodily condition, especially hardness of hoofs, is especially adapted to all transport work heretofore performed by mules. In Germany much interest is manifested. The well-known Hagenbach intends to introduce the zebra into Germany and America. A full-grown zebra is fourteen hands high and has a girth circumference of about sixty-three inches."

Oppose Yosemite Water Scheme.

Washington.—Secretary Hitchcock has requested the officials of Geological Survey in California to furnish him certain information relative to the application of the city of San Francisco for water rights and reservoir sites in the Yosemite National Park. Secretary Hitchcock will decide upon the application when this information has been received. His attitude is distinctly adverse to San Francisco's application, and little hope is entertained that he will grant it.

Joins the Hague Commission.

New York.—William L. Penfield, solicitor for the State Department, sailed last week en route to The Hague, where he will be associated with Wayne MacVeagh and Herbert Bowen in the presentation of the American Venezuelan side of the controversy relative to the preferential payment of awards against Venezuela.

NEW CHINESE REGULATIONS ARE IN FORCE

The Department of Commerce and Labor Issues Set of Rules.

BERTILLON SYSTEM WILL BE USED

Conditions Are Prescribed Under Which Chinese Persons Claiming Right of Entry Are Permitted to Land.

Washington.—A new set of Chinese regulations, prepared by Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent and approved by Secretary Cortelyou of the Department of Commerce and Labor, jurisdiction of the matter of the exclusion of Chinese having been transferred from the Treasury to the latter department, have been made public and are now ready for distribution. These rules designate what Chinese persons are permitted to land at ports of the United States under the provisions of the laws and treaties, together with the ports at which Chinese, other than Chinese diplomatic and consular officers, may land and name the officers who have been vested with the power and authority heretofore conferred on Collectors of Customs, giving their stations and jurisdictions.

Conditions are named to which every Chinese person seeking admission into the United States under the provisions of the act of 1902, for the purpose of taking part in any fair or exhibition authorized by Congress, shall conform as a condition precedent to such admission. Regulations governing the arrest and deportation of Chinese unlawfully within the United States are included. All told, there are sixty-one rules embraced in the new regulations. Accompanying the regulations are laws and treaties relating to the exclusion of Chinese.

Provision is made for a Bertillon record of all Chinese laborers arriving and departing at ports of entry, copies of such registry to be transmitted to the Commissioner General of Immigration.

Conditions are prescribed to which all Chinese persons claiming the right of transit through the United States to foreign territory must conform as a condition precedent such privilege. Numerous changes have been necessary in the revision of these rules to make them conform to the transfer of jurisdiction over the subject from the Treasury Department to the Department of Commerce and Labor. Forms of blanks are prescribed and rules made to govern the officers charged with the enforcement of the exclusion laws.

Weds Man Who Stopped Her Auto.

Binghamton, N. Y.—As a reward for saving her life, Miss Minette Pierce, a society girl, has given her hand and heart to Arthur L. Howard, a decorator employed by the Pullman Company of Chicago.

Miss Pierce was operating her auto when she lost control of the machine and was in danger of going over a cliff. Howard, realizing her predicament, gained the seat by climbing over the rear end and stopped the auto. It was a novel introduction and caught the romantic fancy of Miss Pierce, who lost her heart to her rescuer. He as quickly fell in love and the wedding was the result. Miss Pierce is said to be worth \$50,000 in her own right.

Banks Close Their Doors.

Duluth, Minn.—The alleged embezzlement of \$45,000 of the funds of the Commercial Banking Company, for which E. E. Johnson, a trusted clerk of the bank, is under arrest, brought about the failure of the Merchants' Bank of Duluth. President Smith said that the failure was due to a run on the bank resulting from the closing of the Commercial institution. This is the fourth bank to suspend as a result of the alleged embezzlement.

Forty People Drowned.

Helsingfors, Finland.—A terrible accident occurred on Lake Tykojarvi. The upper deck of a vessel conveying people from church, collapsed and forty persons were drowned or killed and many others injured.

INDIANS HOLD A BIG POWWOW.

Some Natives Travel a Thousand Miles to Attend.

Tacoma, Wash.—Dispatches from Dawson state that more than 300 Indians gathered at Fort Yukon at the last of July and held a big powwow. Indians came from Porcupine, Koyukuk, Chandler, Black River and many traveled nearly 1000 miles. They began arriving early in July and each day brought more. For two weeks Rev. L. J. Woodin, rector of the Episcopal Church at Fort Yukon, was kept busy night and day baptizing and marrying Indians. Church and communion services were frequent. Woodin was awakened several times at midnight or in the early hours of morning to marry Indians who had decided on the spur of the moment to be joined in wedlock.

During the celebration Bishop P. T. Rowe of the Episcopal Church of Alaska passed through Fort Yukon en route down the river and the Indians were there to greet him. They desired to hold a great powwow and make known their many wants to him for help. Bishop Rowe was in a hurry and remained only a few hours. Perfect order was maintained during the two weeks' meeting.

Notorious Smuggler Caught.

Seattle.—Immigration and customs officers raided a house in North Seattle and captured Moy Sam and five alien Chinese who had just a few hours before been landed by a smuggler's sloop which had brought them from Victoria. In the capture of Moy Sam the officers have secured an alleged contraband smuggler they have been after for the last eight years. Several times he has been arrested, but has always managed to get off without punishment.

Exchange Wearing Apparel.

San Francisco.—Henry Daniels, a stevedore, and Maud Rodriguez, a domestic, were arrested early Sunday morning on Pacific street. They were intoxicated and had exchanged wearing apparel in a lodging-house. Thus masqueraded, they emerged upon the thoroughfare, but were promptly arrested for appearing on the street in false attire.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY

TRADE REVIEW

Fall Trade in Wearing Apparel Has Expanded at Leading Country Markets.

New York.—Bradstreet's says: Developments this week have been largely favorable. Prominent among these is the lessening of pressure at the country's financial center, which has led to a more optimistic feeling in the country at large. Beyond and apart from this, however, though no doubt affected thereby, it is to be noted that fall trade in dry goods, clothing, hats, shoes and millinery has expanded at leading Western, Southern and Eastern markets. Pig iron has sold freely, with more firmness as to prices. Export demand for the week and flour shipments thereof have enlarged. Traffic returns, while pointing to a comparatively good eastward movement of grain, show a heavier movement of live animals and a marked increase in westbound shipments of freight.

Wheat, including flour, exports for the week ending with the 13th aggregate 3,413,191 bushels, against 3,040,629 bushels last week, 4,591,850 this week last year, 1,039,761 in 1901 and 3,113,641 in 1900.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending August 13th numbered 160, against 161 last week and 181 in the like week of 1902. Canadian failures number 16, against 26 last week and 23 in this week one year ago.

Working Ancient Mines.

Tacoma, Wash.—J. W. Mercer, formerly a prominent mining man of Colorado and the coast states, has returned, after spending three years in Ecuador, where he has reopened the rich gold mines which are known to have been worked more than 400 years ago. Mercer is general manager of the South American Development Company of New York, which acquired control of the mines six years ago. They are located in the Andes mountains, sixty miles from Guaymas, at an altitude of 4000 feet. Mercer says they were opened long before the conquest of Pizarro.

Your brother's faults are often your own faults if you could see your own.

FIERCE STORM RAGED

San Bernardino and Vicinity Suffer Great Damage After a Hot Spell.

TREES UPROOTED BY HEAVY STORM

Several Buildings Are Struck by Lightning and the Destruction Wrought Will Cause Loss of Thousands.

San Bernardino.—The hottest day of the season was characterized by a thunderstorm which did thousands of dollars worth of damage in this valley Tuesday afternoon. The climax of three hot days was reached at noon, when the mercury marked 110, and a little later clouds swept down from the mountains with a wind that seemed to have some of the characteristics of a tornado.

Fruit and shade trees in all parts of the valley were prostrated, several buildings were struck by lightning and all the electric companies were temporarily put out of business. Nearly 200 eucalyptus trees were blown across the tracks of the traction company on the lines to Redlands and Highland.

Highland.—This place was visited Tuesday by a tornado, that uprooted trees, blew down barns and in other ways did considerable damage. At 12:30 it began raining slightly, and a light breeze sprang up from the southeast. Off to the south could be seen a large black cloud that traveled rapidly across the valley.

As it approached, the breeze increased in strength, soon becoming a veritable cyclone. The storm seemed to proceed only along a narrow strip, and trees, houses and fences along its path were uprooted and blown down. The extent of the damage is not known, but it is considerable.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that

SELLS Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

At last General Clay has been adjudged insane—officially.

Prosperity is not without its thorns, nor adversity without its roses.

The more a man knows the easier it is for him to keep his mouth shut.

The get-rich-quick people are not dealing with the Postoffice Department at present.

Karagevitch came alone. The Servians do not mind being a little shy on queens for a while.

It is often as difficult for a poor man to find meat for his stomach as it is for a rich man to find a stomach for his meat.

Frank Stanton has discovered a man in Georgia who is afraid of thunder and can't dodge lightning. That man is in a bad fix.

A late multimillionaire's fortune has been found to be only \$6,249,599, instead of \$20,000,000, and the inheritance tax, of course, had nothing to do with the shrinkage.

Emerson advised people to hit their wagons to a star. A Chicago millionaire has translated this advice into colloquial English and added to it. He says, "You can't aim too high—but be sure to pull the trigger before you get wabbly."

Now that the remains of a man in Oklahoma have been "identified" as those of John Wilkes Booth, the chances of finding Charley Ross and ascertaining the name of the man who struck Billy Patterson have been immeasurably improved.

What this country needs is a revision of its criminal codes that will prevent cunning lawyers from interposing long delays and technical obstacles between criminals and justice. Until this is done there can be little hope that the lynching habit can be eradicated or choked.

Strange as it may seem, there has come to this nation of ours no calamity against whose results the American heart and purse has not been sufficient. When it was the Chicago or Boston fires, the Jamestown or Mississippi floods, the American sense of brotherhood has flung wide the lids of our treasure boxes and the salve of succor has flown out to the needy.

Human mothers are not the only ones who want their baby baskets daintily trimmed. A woman in Geneva, N. Y., missed two lace collars that she had put on the grass to dry. She put out a third the next day, hoping to catch the thief. To her surprise, a robin came after it, and carried it to her nest in an apple tree, and wove it in with the other two that were to surround her young when they were hatched. If the other birds follow this new fashion, lace collars will soon be at a premium in that part of the country.

A Washington inventor claims to have perfected a device whereby pure water can be burned for heating purposes. So many of these startling announcements have been made by the inventors of late that the public will be inclined to receive this one with more or less doubt, but if it should turn out that a method has really been invented through which water may be decomposed and its gases fired without the introduction of heat from burning coal, wood or other common kinds of fuel, it will pay people to begin buying up the small lakes and streams now before the syndicates begin to get options.

A prosperous business man sends his son to college and finds a place for him in his counting-room when the son graduates, and the road to success is open to such a one. But in the case of the graduate whose father has no place to offer him and who has no capital to embark in trade there are serious difficulties. When he applies for employment he generally finds as his rival the boy who was never educated beyond the grammar school, who went into the counting-room at the age of 12 or 15 years at a few dollars a week. This boy has been learning the business while the college man is at his books, and when the latter has graduated the latter finds that the boy of his age has completed his apprenticeship and is in the possession of a good position. The college man who is over 21 years of age is not ordinarily willing to begin with the duties and wages of the 12-year-old lad, and this is often the only place open to him.

The Kaiser is throwing so many bouquets at us of late that we can hardly take our eyes off him. There is a man who can write a song, set it to music and sing it. He can paint a picture, frame it and criticize the critics who praise or condemn it. He can write a drama, stage it, act it and give a critique upon it. He is the best horseman in Europe and one of the most expert yachtsmen. He talks fluently in five modern languages. He plays chess and poker and at the latter can hold not only his own, but some of the other fellows'. He understands engineering and is an expert in electricity. He is a theologian and has composed a prayer. He can command a

ship or a regiment, a fleet or an army. He can discuss horse-breeding with General Thomas. He can talk cattle-breeding with A. A. Cortelyou. He is an ideal cook. He makes speeches that stifle the world. He is a litterateur. He is a friend of rich and poor. He thrums the guitar and plays the organ. He is a multimillionaire. He crushed Bismarck; then, when the chancellor was old and helpless, nursed and petted him.

Women are bewildering creatures. Ida Husted Harper raises a point at issue by asking: Has woman a right to work? Not many years ago over-worked mothers and grandmothers were accustomed to inquire: "Has a woman a right to rest?" We decided that she has, and no sooner had we made all the necessary arrangements than up she bobs and asserts her right to labor under the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness clause. We shall never settle this vexatious feminine problem until we decree that women shall have the right to do what they feel like doing. We have already made a few experiments along these lines among our very best people, and the thing seems to work satisfactorily. At times a few divorces have resulted, with a partition of property and children, but in the main the ends attained have been agreeable to all parties directly concerned. An ideal republic would be that which gives the preference to female labor, with male substitutes constantly on hand to take the vacant places on those days when the women "don't feel like it" or when they are demanding the right to do something else.

Once upon a time it was argued that a woman's brain was not the equal of man's. That she had intelligence was granted, but nobody expected her to think like a man, or even approach him in mental attainments. There has been a change! Not in woman's brains, but in the world's appreciation of her ability. At the great colleges and in the high schools of the country women are taking honors with ease. Young men are no longer the stars. In Boston, a few days ago, fifteen women and one lousesome man were admitted to a college society, where the credentials for membership depended on the candidate's high standing in college studies. "What becomes of these women college graduates?" somebody asks. Bless your innocence! The majority of them parade their learning for a little while, enjoy the distinction that comes with a diploma and a degree, and then they marry. They make fine wives and mothers—knowledge never was and never can be a bar to happy home life. Just as likely as not the Vassar girl will wed some big fellow who has grammatical paralysis, and dictates all his letters to hide his lame spelling. Of course, every woman has her dreams, at some time in her life. She has planned a career that would mean fame, in big letters; and later she exchanges marriage and a happiness that is real for a dream that was perfect, because it was a dream. She keeps her diploma. It is up in the dresser drawer, with the bunch of old love letters, the baby's first shoes and the curl that was saved when his hair was cut. Those are all parts of her romance. They belong to the past, the joy that can be lived over in memory. Once in a while there is an afternoon when the children are out at play, the house is still and she steals up to the chamber and looks at her treasures, one by one. A man wouldn't do that. His nature isn't fine enough. It is a woman's joy. Perhaps, when she puts the letters and the curl and the tiny shoes and the diploma back in safe hiding, there are tears in her eyes. There are no regrets for what might have been. She is fulfilling destiny as it was planned, and her life story tells what becomes of most of the college girls.

Britain's Postal Banks.
The fact is odd: The postoffice savings banks of Great Britain are technically insolvent. Their deposits at the end of the year were \$700,000,000, their assets only about \$670,000,000. Nobody worries about a little thing like that; the government is responsible. Of course, the discrepancy rose from the high prices the department was forced to pay for national bonds before the Boer war. The lowering of the rate of interest allowed is an obvious cure. The postal banks were authorized in 1861 and nearly \$10,000,000 were deposited the first year. Some later developments are curious. By the "slip" system a sum so small as 2 cents can be deposited. Deposits can be withdrawn by telegraph. School saving banks are recognized, but are not successful, owing to the superior attractions of sweets as a medium of investment. A feature of the postal banks is that through their agency depositors can buy small fractional portions of government bonds.—New York World.

From an Author's Journal.
I've got to write an interview with myself this morning. The newspapers haven't mentioned my name in six weeks.

My new book is now ranked among the best sellers. (I bought up the entire first edition myself.)

I have come to the conclusion that I look quite "literary;" but summer's coming on, and I fear I'll be compelled to have my hair cut.

I may go abroad this season—that is, about ten miles from the home millpond. I need rest—and some of my fool readers imagine they're in the same fix.—Atlanta Constitution.

You probably wouldn't feel flattered if you knew what the people you think are fools think of you.

GREAT INVENTION---AN OLD PROBLEM SOLVED.



New craft for the idiots who like to rock the boat. By this design the idiots can drown themselves without upsetting their companions.—Chicago Daily News.

RAVAGES OF CANCER, A DISEASE OF WHICH WE KNOW VERY LITTLE

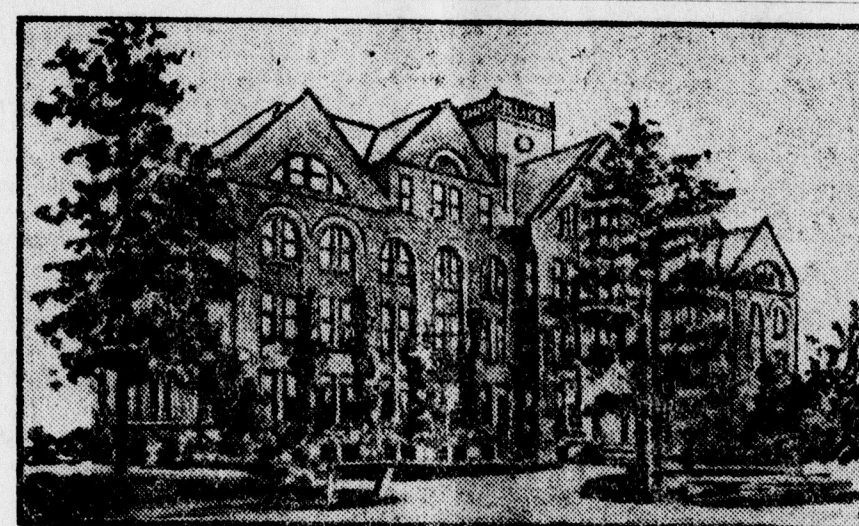
THE British Medical Journal is issuing, week by week, a comparative statistical study of cancer mortality, dealing with cancer statistics in the various countries of the civilized world. In a recent number the United States, Switzerland and Italy are made the subjects for discussion. The figures for this country are taken from the twelfth census. And, of course, are both interesting and instructive. Cancer in the United States is said to have been the cause of 29,475 deaths, equivalent to a rate of 38.6 per 100,000 living. The regions showing the highest and lowest death rates from cancer and tumor were: Highest—Pacific coast region, 51.9 per 100,000; heavily timbered region in the Northwest, 46.8 per 100,000; Northeastern hills and plateaus, 44.5 per 100,000; prairie region, 43.0 per 100,000; Atlantic coast region, 41.5 per 100,000. Lowest—Gulf coast region, 20.2 per 100,000; South Central Appalachian region, 20.0 per 100,000; South Atlantic coast, 18.7 per 100,000; south interior plateaus, 18.1 per 100,000; Mississippi River belt, 11.3 per 100,000. The death rate from cancer and tumor per 100,000 was: White, 66.7; Chinese, 49.4; negro, 48.0; Indian, 28.6; foreign-born, 124.6. It will thus be observed that the foreign-born whites are much more subject to cancer than native-born whites, and not only this, but those who have one foreign-born parent are more liable to the disease than the native-born whites. The statistics also show that Jews contract cancer very frequently in the latter half of life, and that the cancer rate is far higher in rural than in urban districts. The death rate from cancer of four of the most important American cities, per 100,000 living, all ages, is as follows: Chicago, 63.3; New York, 64.7; Philadelphia, 73.6; and San Francisco, 112.0. Notwithstanding the efforts that have been made within the past few years to trace the origin of cancer, it must, in truth, be confessed that but a very small corner of the veil which covers its secret has been lifted. Its etiology is yet to be discovered. Perhaps of all the well-known diseases of modern life, our knowledge of cancer is less than of any. The hopeful feature of the situation is that almost all civilized nations are vying with each other, and giving money and brains in the endeavor to solve the cancer problem.

Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL.

College Which Sends Its Graduates Throughout the World. A school of which the general public knows little, but which is exercising an enormous influence throughout the world exists at Springfield, Mass. It is known as the International Young Men's Christian Association Training School and from it every year young men, trained with almost military pre-

Duration of Human Life.

Medical men are discussing a lecture by Prof. Pfleger of the University of Bonn on longevity, in which he asserts that the average length of human life is steadily increasing, says the Indiana Medical Journal. He maintains that one-third of all the deaths registered in Munich are due to heart disease, brought on by the immoderate use of beer, and that tobacco also



Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

cision for the work to which they have devoted their lives, are sent out to every quarter of the habitable globe. To India, to Australia, to China, Japan, Canada, to all points in the United States and Europe, this school sends each year its graduates to become secretaries and physical directors—members of the big army of the Young Men's Christian Association workers.

But the young men thus sent are not all natives of this country by any means. The training school is rightly called international. Experience has shown to the Young Men's Christian Association leaders that native workers are able to accomplish more in a given field than a man who must first adapt himself to the ways and customs of the people. This fact has brought to the school students of nearly every nationality. Visitors are astonished to find full-blooded American Indians, shy sons of far off Syria, swarthy Italians, or jolly little Japs pursuing their studies side by side with some of the best types of American manhood the North or South is capable of producing.

The cosmopolitan character of the eighty odd students enrolled is a feature of life at the Young Men's Christian Association Training School. Again, this school is unique in the prominence it gives to sports. While in some other schools and colleges there has been talk of either limiting the time devoted to or prohibiting certain sports, the Young Men's Christian Association Training School not only gives place in its curriculum to the best known sports, but is constantly looking about for new ones that shall serve to develop new muscles.

claims a large percentage of the victims. Among forty centenarians who have come under his notice there was only one smoker, while nearly all professed to a moderate use of alcohol. What Prof. Pfleger most seriously warns people against is the thought and fear of death. The mind must be occupied, he says, in order to secure longevity. Hard-working men who retire rarely live much longer.

The German census statistics show that in 1871 the centenarians numbered 147 men and 287 women, but in 1900 only five men and thirty women. As is well known, in Munich the consumption of beer per capita is greater than elsewhere in the world and the percentage of heart disease is higher. Beer has a worse influence on the heart than either wine or whisky. Tobacco is better borne by adults and the aged than by youth. No child should be allowed to smoke before the age of 21. Wine has been said to be the milk of old age; it should not be used until past the noon of life. That the German census shows a reduction of old men since the war with France is natural. Only the sedate and temperate in all things can expect length of days.

An Obvious Inference.

He—Now, there's a woman I can't help admiring. She is so easily satisfied; has such plain tastes.

She—I didn't know you knew her.

He—I don't; it's her husband I know.

—Brooklyn Life.

They say a Panama hat will last for years, but it looks pretty tough at the beginning of the second season.

Boys And Girls

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Little Girl with Taffy-Colored Hair.
There steals into my bedroom
In the early morning light,
So softly that I scarcely know she's there.

A tiny, white-robed figure,
With a face like sunshine bright—
'Tis a little girl with taffy-colored hair.

She mingles with the visions
That plagued me through the night.
As I puzzled over "how"? and "when"? and "where"? and
With one touch her baby finger
Has put them all to flight—
This little girl with taffy-colored hair.

Then I hear a little giggle,
And there before my sight
Stands the little witch with feet and ankles bare.
Her face all bubbling over
With dimples of delight—
My little girl with taffy-colored hair.

As I raise my head to greet her,
I'm sure nothing can be sweeter
Than this little maid of mine beyond compare.

You will know her when you meet her,
She's so sweet you'd like to eat her—
The little girl with taffy-colored hair.
—Thomas C. Roney.

In Grandfather's Hand.
Notes of trouble were in the mother robin's voice, and when the father robin answered, there was one in his, too.

"Something worries them," thought Virginia, anxiously. She lifted her heavy little head from the pillow to get a better look into the branches of the great beech tree. The little trimly made robin's nest was still there, but something was wrong about it.

"It's the eggs!" Virginia cried, in distress. "They're gone! There isn't one left!"

No wonder the robin mother lamented and the father robin scolded in his little sweet, shrill voice.

"Oh, dear! Now what will they do? Those four little sky-blue eggs that they took so much trouble to lay! A wicked boy must've climbed up and took 'em. I told those little birds that wasn't a safe place, with those easy limbs to climb up on!"

Virginia's little cropped head sank back wearily. All summer she had lain on her couch at that window. Most of the time—when she was well enough—she had "made believe." She had made believe words when the birds sang and the crickets chirped, and she had made believe stories about the children that played in the park opposite. But the queerest "make-believe" of all was about the great stone statue in the park, with the outstretched hand and the kind, good face. Virginia had made believe that statue was her grandfather. She had never known any other grandfather.

"An' he's just the kind I'd like," she mused. "I'd like my grandfather to have a smile in his eyes, and hold out his hand that way, as if he were saying, 'Come right over here, tired little granddaughter, an' let me rest you.'"

The great stone face smiled at her on her "bad days" and made the pain a good deal easier to bear. And the big, kind hand was always held out.

"What shall we do—do—do?" wailed the robin mother, in the beech tree; or, anyway, that was what Virginia made believe she wailed.

"I'm sorry for you—for you—for you," the robin father sang pityingly. Then his song began again, cheerfully:

THE EARLY MORNING AIR

It Has a Virtue Over that of Later Hours.

Chemists have long told us not only what is the exact composition of the air, but also that this composition is practically constant, whether the air be that near the mountain top or the sea, or from the chemistry would not appear to offer any explanation of the benefit gained from "a change of air." Similarly everyone knows the sweetness and freshness of the early morning air, attractive properties which disappear as the day advances, but so far as analysis goes the composition of early morning air is not different from that of air of any other time. It is well to remember, however, that during the passing of night to day and of day to night several physical changes take place, says the London Lancet. There is a fall in temperature at sunset and a rise again at dawn, and consequently moisture is alternately being thrown out and taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations also.

The formation of dew has probably, therefore, far more profound effects than merely the moistening of objects with water. Dew is vitalizing not entirely because it is water, but because it possesses an invigorating action, due partly, at any rate, to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen, and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide of hydrogen and some ozone are developed. It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality which marks the early morning air has its origin in this way. Certain it is that the bracing property of the early morning air wears off as the day advances, and it is easy to conceive that this loss of freshness is due to the oxygen, ozone

"Never mind—never mind. Somebody's kind. We'll find a new house to-morrow."

It grew dark presently, and the nurse came to pull down Virginia's shade.

"Good-night, grandfather!" the little girl called, softly.

The next day and the next—for six nights—she was not well enough to have the curtains up and to make believe. She wondered if the kind, stone grandfather cared.

But by and by, one sunny morning, the nurse drew the shade up, 'way up.

How good it was! How sweet the park flowers smelled, and how the big stone grandfather smiled at her! Then Virginia made a beautiful discovery.

Where do you suppose the robin mother and father had built their little new house?

"They've built it in grandfather's hand!" Virginia cried. "Oh, you little wise birds! You knew you'd be safe there!"—Youth's Companion.

A Boy's Opportunity.

Once a minister died leaving a boy and girl and their mother with nothing to depend on for their support except their own exertions. When the boy was twelve years old he decided to seek employment, but it was difficult for one so young to find work. One day he went into the office of a well-known business man and said: "Do you want a boy, sir?"

The gentleman studied him a minute and then said: "What can you do?"

"What ever you need to have done that is honest."

"Well," said the other, "I need to have my boots blacked by some one before I catch the next train."

"Let me have them," answered the boy, promptly. "Where is the blacking?"

"In the cellar, I think," was the answer.

The boy, after a short absence, returned with the boots neatly blacked. "Come to-morrow morning and let me give you a trial," was the gentleman's order as he took the boots.

That boy was ready to enter into business because he was willing to begin at the thing that needed doing.

"Boys and young men do not appreciate the high value of character, though they think they do," says a recent writer. "It is only when one gets further along in life that its priceless-ness is perceived."

He Went to See.

A guest hurried up to the hotel counter. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the station and catch his train.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room B3, and see if I have left my toothbrush and sponge. Hurry! I've only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. In four minutes he returned out of breath and empty-handed.

"Yes, sir," he panted, "you left them on the table."

The Last Puzzler.

"Papa," said Tommy Tredway. "Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Tredway, "I shall answer only one more question to-day. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"

or peroxide of hydrogen (whichever it may be) being used up.

The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known, and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations is true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing dew cannot form upon the grass under a tree, whereas as a rule both rain and light can reach it. Dew is probably essential to the well-being of both plants and animals to a greater extent than is known, and the beautiful expression in the prayer book, "Pour upon them the continual dew of Thy blessing" may be remembered in this connection.

Russians Are Good Linguists.

Every educated Russian knows three languages besides his own, and many of them four. Knowledge of the English, French and German languages is considered necessary to culture. A family having small children employs two to four governesses, from whom the children learn foreign tongues before they are taught the more difficult Russian. This command of language makes possible the fact that Russians have a better knowledge of the world's affairs than any other people.

Foot and Shoe Unmated.

Will—She takes a very small shoe, doesn't she?

Nell—Oh, yes.

Will—What size?

Nell—Two sizes smaller than her foot.—Philadelphia Ledger.

During his courtship a man thinks it's a dream; after marriage he is sorry that he woke up.

What some men need is a curb that will prevent them from butting in.

OLD FAVORITES

A Lost Chord.
Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that great Amen.
—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Song of the Silent Land.
Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly
gather
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the
strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, O, thither,
Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection. Tender morning
visions
Of beautiful souls, the future's pledge
and band;
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land?

O, Land! O, Land!
For all the broken hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth
stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

BOY SELLS HIS HEAD FOR \$3,000.

Arthur Jennings, a 17-year-old peanut vendor of Florence has achieved national publicity because of a deal into which he entered some time ago with a well-known Eastern medical college for the sale of his head after death.

The lad, through sickness when very young, was affected with an enlargement of the cranium and has long been an object of study for local physicians, who are surprised that he has lived as long as he has. Arthur's head has not grown any for the past year, but it is now large enough to cause the boy a great deal of inconvenience and may result in his sudden death almost any day.

The head measures thirty-two inches in circumference and is said to be the largest cranium on a human being in the world. Local physicians say the enlargement is due to water. The head is so large that the spinal column has been affected, and young Jennings is compelled to use a cane when he walks to keep from losing his balance. His body is far below normal size. Jennings has already received \$1,000 on the deal. The remaining \$2,000 will be paid to his heirs after his death. Young Jennings laughingly refers to the sale of his head and thinks he has perpetrated a good joke on the college. "I feel all right and do not believe I am going to die very soon," he says.

Beyond Help.
One of the street philanthropists who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles stopped to comfort a stout little boy who was filling the air with lamentations.

"What is the matter, you little dear?" she asked, solicitously.
"My b-brother's got a vacation and— and I haven't!" roared the afflicted one at last.
"What a shame!" said the comforter. "Then you don't go to the same school, of course?"
"I—I don't go to school anywhere yet!" came from the little boy with a fresh burst of sorrow.

Thirty Bibles a Minute.
The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for 300 years, and can be published in 150 languages and dialects. Every year fully 600 tons of paper are used for this purpose alone. Orders for 100,000 Bibles are quite common, and the supply of printed sheets is so great that an order for 500,000 copies can be readily filled. On an average from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute.

When there are no men in the family, a woman occasionally gets a turn at being sick without feeling that she is stepping on some other person's privilege.

Whenever a boy sees dirt he wants to get into it.

THE MUSHROOM-CAVES OF PARIS

(Edward Charles, in the Wide World.)
With most cities life begins at the ground floor (cellars, sewers and electric tubes always excepted) and ends at the top story, but in Paris, while business is being profitably conducted in the bright sunshine of the loftiest story, it is also being as profitably pursued in the darkness of the depths below, far beneath even the sewers and the famous Metropolitan Railway of which the Parisians are so proud. For Paris is honey-combed with subterranean vaults and passages. It is literally built upon columns and walls, and if one fine morning the world awoke to learn that the bottom had fallen out of the Gay Capital and it had crumbled up like a house of cards it would be no surprising thing to those familiar with the underground world of Paris. It would seem as though the former inhabitants had devoted their efforts to hewing out a place wherein they might seek refuge in case of dire necessity, for though few are aware of the fact, the entire



"CHAMPIONNISTES" AT WORK.

population of Paris could hide itself beneath the city.

To build the city we know so well to-day past generations delved and dug beneath it for the coveted stone. What then were quarries have now become caves, portions of which have been converted into catacombs and contain the bones of the dead, while others are used for the very mundane purpose of growing mushrooms. The mushroom is a comestible particularly favored by the French. Wagon loads from near and far find their way into the central markets of the city every day in the year, and the annual consumption by the Parisians of this vegetable represent a value of over \$1,250,000. Both beneath the city itself and outside it, these strange mushroom caves extend for miles in all directions; and in them hundreds of men, who often never see daylight from morn till eve, pass their lives in cultivating the mushroom.

"I was told that I should find these 'under-boulevards' of the great city well worthy of a visit, and I accepted the offer of an influential friend to obtain permission for myself and a photographer to descend into the bowels of the earth and learn something of the art of underground mushroom growing. We departed one fine morning, the photographer and I, for Malakoff, on the outskirts of Paris. We found the mushroom farmer on his farm awaiting us—a well-built, bluff, hearty specimen of French 'fermier.' M. Burvingt by name. I looked around for signs of caves, but failed to find them, nor did I see any hills in the neighborhood under which they might be. In answer to a question I was informed that they were just 15 metres under our feet.

"This shaft leads right into them," said the farmer, indicating a covered circular hole in the ground I had not hitherto noticed. He pulled the boards away, and I looked down, shuddering, for I looked only into fathomless darkness. How we were to get down puzzled me; how the photographic apparatus was going to fare worried the photographer, and we were both immensely relieved to learn that this shaft was not the entrance, but only the place where they pitched the manure down. I still had hopes of gaining entrance other than by descending a shaft—a gentle slope or something of that sort was what I wanted—and I felt convinced that this would be the case when our guide said we had rather a long walk before us. It provided a good three-quarters of an hour's journey, over fields and down country lanes, ere he stopped suddenly before a small square fence and told us we had reached our destination. And we had been following the line of one of the underground passages all the time.

Opening a gate, the farmer revealed a shaft; my hopes were scattered to the winds. I had never done any ladder-climbing, and I really did not fancy the feat of "monkeying" down a pole, the rungs of which were just short iron bars inserted, none too near one another, on either side, and which swayed to and fro like a bough in the wind.

"I can't see the bottom," said the photographer, somewhat ruefully.
For my part that did not matter so much, I was only anxious not to feel it too suddenly, for there was nothing to break a drop of 45 feet, unless hitting against the sides as one fell might be regarded as breaking it. The first difficulty was to get the photographic apparatus below. Camera-stand, and flash lamps were packed into a basket, which was hooked on to a rope, and away it sped, but quick as the rope went through the hands of the "championnistes" the camera-stand was

quicker in its descent. The farmer uttered a cry of dismay, and the photographer gave me a look of pain which clearly indicated his fear that there would be no photographs taken that day. After our guide had disappeared over the ledge and reached the bottom, the photographer followed him, anxious, no doubt, to discover what was broken. When the primitive ladder oscillated no longer beneath his weight I went slowly and silently down, landing safely in about three inches of mud. I found my colleague busily engaged in cleaning the broken camera-stand.

"Good thing it wasn't the camera," he remarked and I agreed.

It had been 120 degrees in the sun up above, for the day was particularly fine. Down here it was cold, damp, dark and uninviting; so cold that I shivered in my shirt-sleeves, for I had left my coat above; so damp that I developed a violent cold next day; and so black that out of the circle of light that came down the shaft one could not have seen one's hand before one's eyes had it been held there. Our guide shouted, and his voice, being in keeping with his stature, filled the blackness, rumbling away down the many arteries leading from where we were standing and coming back again from a dozen different directions. In answer to his call there presently danced in the dark void ahead of us a couple of lights.

They heralded the approach of a couple of "championnistes," who, emerging from their habitual gloom, disclosed themselves as short, dark individuals, of none too prepossessing appearance, attired, with but scant regard for the temperature, in blue cotton trousers, blouses, and "sabots." Their coats they had discarded. Looking at the condition of the ground I envied them their substantial foot-coverings, and the more so when, later, I found myself wading through a veritable morass of slimy sand.

Provided with lights—small round colza-oil lamps fixed on the ends of sticks—and encumbered with the photographic materials, we moved forward and then the real torture of the experience began.

"Minds your heads," said the guide. "Bend your backs! Prenez garde la!" in alarm, as the bewildered photographer was about to dispute the solidity of the ceiling above. We bent our backs, bent ourselves nearly double in fact, and yet felt our heads scraping the roof of the passage; and bent and cramped like this we were for two mortal hours. I said that the place



MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL.

was cold, damp, black, and uninviting; let me now add that it was very uncomfortable for the ceiling above us, of solid stone—was not more than 3 feet from the floor. If ever there was a time when I have not been proud of my height it was during those two awful hours. We formed a weird and ghostly procession as we moved forward through the inky blackness, the silence broken only by our footsteps as we splashed along through the puddles, the solemn drip, drip of water from the walls and roof, an exclamation now and then from myself as I nearly tripped over one of the mushroom beds, and strange mutterings from the man who was to work the camera.

The famous mushroom-beds were at our feet. We were, in fact, walking in the narrow space between them—a path perhaps a foot in width. They ran along the caves in rows, two against the sides, and a pair down the centre. They seemed to be banks of sand some 2 feet in height, and inclining up from a 2 feet base to a rounded top. The soil was clammy and crumbling to the touch, and inlaid with round white discs, varying in circumference from the dimensions of a quarter to a small-sized saucer—the precious mushrooms.

"Is there much of this?" I asked of the farmer leading us, who seemed prepared to walk on for ever.

"Seven or eight kilometres," he answered unconcernedly.
We had arrived at a bend. How long I had been creeping onwards, bumping now my head and now an arm, stumbling, sprawling and saying things, I know not; but my back ached frightfully, and I appreciated more than ever before the comforts of being a short man.

It seemed we had walked for ages. "We will take a photograph here," I said, which brought the party to a halt. While the photographer made ready his camera I explained to our friends

the mystery of the flash-lamp, and when he was quite ready gave them the signal to put out their lamps. They did so. The blackness could almost have been cut with a knife, and the stillness was so intense that we could hear each other's regular breathing. Terrible thoughts scurried through my brain. What must it be, I thought to be lost in such a place without a light, without food, or to be in there with an enemy who was familiar with its ramifications? It was a place to lose one's self in, to go mad in, to be murdered in without the world being a jot the wiser. And what was that? Something crawling over my face, here and there and everywhere; something creeping up my arms; something gliding round my neck. Would that lamp never flash? It seemed an age, but was in reality not a second. A blue, blinding glare went up, illuminating the space around with such a light as it had never seen before, and showing up plainly the trio of "championnistes" crouched down as they worked, and scaring a million flies and spiders and goodness alone knows what other insects and vermin. The light died down and went out, and again the lamps sprang into life and shed their flickering, welcome gleams around.

After securing some other pictures and a very fine accumulation of small flies on our lamps—indeed, the oil-wicks were black with them—we gladly sought the upper world again. I had no ambition to explore the caves in their entirety, but only to get my cramped spine once more into its normal position, to sit down and rest in a neighboring inn and gather mushroom knowledge from the lips of the grower himself. Fifty years before, he told me, the caves had been open to the broad light of day. They were the scene of great activity, resounding continually with the explosions of gunpowder, for there men were quarrying the stone that helped to build Paris. Later on they had been abandoned and covered in, to be finally taken over by the cultivators of mushrooms. This is the history of most of the caves which are now used for this purpose, not only in the neighborhood of the capital, but throughout France.

But all are not of the kind I have just described, otherwise I should not have gone myself and prevailed upon the photographer to accompany me to the famous caves of Issy-les-Moulineaux, owned by championniste Sauvageot. I found them, as I had been told I should, to be in decided contrast to those previously visited; as large as the other were small 630 feet in height at least. And there was no ladder to descend one walked straight into the tunnel from the daylight, for it pierced a hill, a chalk hill whence had been quarried thousands of tons of chalk of the quality that makes acquaintance with the tips of billiard cues. The main tunnel, cutting clean into the hill for a distance of not less than 250 yards would have easily admitted a carriage and pair, carrying another vehicle on top. As mushroom caves go it was certainly a handsome one, but just as cold and damp as any other, with a switch-back sort of road leading from the entrance to the bottom of the caves. Here there was space for six lines of mushroom beds to wind their irregular ways side by side, as will be seen in our photograph.

There were six of these large galleries, from which numerous others ran off, twisting and winding about to the length of some seven kilometres. Cut in the sides of the passages were numerous little "chapels," some on a level with the ground, others high up in the side of the wall. In all these caves contained some sixty kilometres of fine mushroom-beds; spiders and flies we found there in their millions, the only occupants beyond rats and the cats that are kept there to catch them.

In no case of such dimensions are all the mushroom beds in the same stage of advancement at once. While some thousands of metres are in full bloom, others are not so far advanced, and in some passages the beds are only just being laid down, while in others the work of clearing out old and useless beds is being carried on. Why this is so will be apparent when it is stated that it would take fifty men employed in the caves at Moulineaux eight months to fill them with the 68,000 metres they are capable of accommodating.

Scrupulous cleanliness is an absolute sine qua non ere a new bed can be laid down. The cave must be cleared of the old bed entirely; not a particle of it must be left, for with all the mushroomer's aptitude for lightning growing, it is something of a jandy in the vegetable world. There are certain things it does not like: that it prefers death to, in fact, and amongst them may be mentioned dead rats, old iron, and a parasitical insect with a special weakness for the nutritious mushroom. When this insect gets in its deadly work, the farmer has good reason to sigh. Dead rats are frequently found in the caves with dead mushrooms all around them, for the mushroom apparently cannot tolerate dead rats any more than it can rusty horse-shoes or any other rusty pieces of iron. Such things spell loss to the "championniste."

Now beds are laid down every five or six months, and as they do not bear until three months have passed, the harvest need be a rich one, for the average cost of a bed ere it shows signs of produce is 2½ francs per metre. First the manure has to be secured, and then, ere it can be used, it has to be prepared, the work taking from three to six weeks. When ready it is carried into the cave or shovelled down a shaft, as occasion requires.

The building of the beds is a peculiar and laborious process. Sitting astride the portion of the bed he has first made the worker gathers armfuls of manure

and presses the materials down to an even height in front of him. Thus he is always provided with a seat. Ere the spawn is sown the temperature of the beds must have reached about 12 degrees to 14 degrees Fahr. (No wonder we had been cold in our shirt sleeves) The spawn sown, the manure is covered with sand, and then every two or three days the beds must be liberally watered. At the end of three months the "buttons" poke their heads through, then gradually the beds become covered with white hoods, which, on attaining the required size, are collected for market. Unless, however, a metre yields four kilos of mushrooms at the least, the proprietor of the cave has little occasion to be cheerful, for its creation and care account for an outlay of three francs, while the harvest only fetches a franc per kilo.

Winter is the best season for the "championniste." Then M. Sauvageot told me, he sends to market no fewer than one hundred baskets a day, which means 1,100 kilos, while during the other seasons of the year forty baskets or 440 kilos is the daily output. In the production of this perennial harvest thousands of workmen find employment round Paris alone—men who pass their days in damp and darkness with only spiders and flies to keep them company, and yet seem to experience no evil effects as the result of their strange surroundings.

SAYING A WORD FOR MULE.

Missouri Animal Shown to Have Many Points of Excellence.

In many respects the mule is the noblest beast that has been placed under man's dominion, but unjust ridicule for some unaccountable reason marked the long-suffering brute for its own and by obscuring his many virtues and playing upon his few defects and idiosyncrasies has compelled him since the day he was discovered by Anah in the wilderness to live under the torture of a false and slanderous report. At last, however, he is being restored to his proper position in the social and economic world.

In truth the mule, if he happens to be a Missouri product, is a valuable, beautiful and lovely beast. For general all-around purposes, in comparison with the horse, mules are superior. They are easy and cheap to raise, easy to sell and hard to bleed. They go to the market early and bring bigger profits for the time, work and money expended in growing than any other stock. Time and hard work have less effect upon them than upon any other kind of flesh. Disease rarely touches them. Adversity and hard knocks make them stronger and tougher.

A mule does not wither or weaken with age. The process of years simply turns his coltish friskiness to contemplative sedateness, his silvery voice to a raucous roar and his obstreperous heels to the paths of peace. His habits, as they are better understood, are less feared and more appreciated. He is tractable, gentle, sympathetic and very intelligent. When well treated he loves his master, as Sancho, the companion of Don Quixote, and many old negroes in the South have proved.

He eats little and requires no shelter and toils to the bitter end without complaint or fatigue. He quickly understands the whims of his driver and will go and can be guided without whip or rein. He is a dynamo in hide, an engine on hoof—a perfect machine in flesh and blood which rarely gets out of order or temper. —Kansas City Journal.

Muscle Comes, Mustache Goes.

Tucked away in an uptown side street under the shadow of a towering hotel is an athletic trainer who gets from all his clients the liberal sum of \$50 a week to keep them in good physical condition. They are a credit to him and look as if his services were worth the money. They grow strong as a matter of course, the fat is reduced in bulk and the thin made plumper. But there is one other peculiarity of their training which it is not so much a matter of course. This is the tendency of all the trainer's clients to dispense with their mustaches after they have had a course or two under him. He is the determined enemy of the mustache. He believes it insanitary and a survival of those primitive days in which men's faces were covered with hair.

The trainer talks eloquently of the impossibility of keeping a mustache entirely clean, especially when a man smokes. During the few minutes of daily exercise that his system requires the trainer talks on many subjects. His conversation covers a wide range. But one subject always reappears. He never neglects the unhealthfulness of the mustache. So his patients, if they are to be called that, come to have a certain distaste for the mustache, even if they have worn one for years. When he sees a sign of weakness the trainer sticks to the attack. So toward the end of their training period it generally happens that the mustache disappears. Some patients have withstood the trainer's arguments. But most of them emerge from their course of treatment stronger and with newly shaved upper lips that are consciously stiff after years of seclusion under the sheltering mustache. —New York Sun.

Canada's Trade in Cattle.

The increase in Canadian cattle sent to Great Britain is enormous—from 10,163 in the first four months of 1902 to 27,300 in the first four months this year.

When a boy isn't in mischief, it is because he is being compelled to take time to repent.

AMERICA'S MANSIONS.

Type of Buildings the Great Wealth of the Country Has Produced.

Readers will recall how many pages of the Architectural Record have been devoted in recent years to the representation of costly city houses and country places erected not only by the Vanderbilt family, but by the Goulds, the Astors, Messrs. Poor, Whitney, Wetmore, Huntington, Benedict, Bourne, Foster and others—a register of the great opportunities that have been provided for the American architect by the astonishing increase of wealth in this country, and an indication also for the world at large of the new and interesting development of American social life, which as yet has attained to barely more than its beginning. Nothing comparable to it exists elsewhere in the world, writes H. W. Desmond, in Architectural Record. The buildings it has produced (and in the future will demand) are very decidedly differentiated from the English country house, their nearest contemporary analogue. They differ even more from the American homes that arose after the war and when prosperity returned to the country. Neither are they at all kindred to those old colonial houses which added the chief charm to our early social life, the remaining examples of which still retain an indestructible atmosphere of delight. The squire of the old days, or, rather, his American counterpart in the Southern planter and the New England trader, has been replaced by the merchant prince, and the homes the latter is now creating, especially along the eastern littoral, may best be likened to those which the merchant princes of Mediaeval days erected in a manner and with a purpose not entirely dissimilar to the manner and purpose of their undreamt-of American successors. These buildings are the registers, and, let us hope, enduring chronicles of our very latest days, of our rapidly accumulating wealth, of the prodigious rewards of high finance, and the extraordinary degree of luxury that has become compatible with American life.

The Old-Fashioned Woman.

Oh, well I remember the home of my childhood.
The hill that I climbed in the sunlight and dew;
The rabbits that hid at its base in the wildwood,
The hunters that often would trouble them, too.
But better than these was the ivy-grown dwelling—
Oh, why did I ever away from it roam?
Where lived the dear woman whose story I'm telling,
That old-fashioned woman who made it a home.
That love-fashioned woman,
That sweet-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.
Oh, where has she gone with her aprons and knitting,
Her calico gown and her sunbonnet dear?
She never was one that was given to flitting,
Her home was her temple, her empire, her sphere.
She cared not for riches, nor travel, nor pleasure;
The wealth that she craved was beneath her own dome.
Her husband, her children, her friends were her treasure,
That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home.
That dear-fashioned woman,
That soul-fashioned woman,
That old-fashioned woman that lived in the home.
The ivy-grown walls of that homestead are falling,
The brambles have choked out the blossoms—the weeds
Grow wild and unsightly—the night hawks are calling
When day into darkness and silence recedes.
Oh, never again shall I haste there to gather
The flowers that grew in the sweet-scented loam.
When my heart and my steps were as light as a feather
To greet that loved woman who made it a home.
That old-fashioned woman,
That home-fashioned woman,
That God-fashioned woman that lived in the home.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Unfortunate Investment.

The story of the man who paid the minister his marriage fee in yearly dividends, according to the value of the matrimonial goods, is matched by one which the Philadelphia Telegraph relates.

A Southern clergyman had married a pair of negroes. After the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' chahge fo' dis?"
"Well," said the minister, "I usually leave that to the groom. Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell you' what Oh'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollahs, an' den ef I fin' I ain't got cheated, I'll gib yo' mo' in a mont'."

A month later the groom returned.
"Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pahson."

"Yes," said the minister, expectantly.
"Ah tol' yo' dat ef it was all right, Ah'd gib yo' mo' money, didn't Ah?"

"You did."

"Well, pahson, as dis yere am a sort of speculation, Ah reckon yo' owe me about a dollah an' eighty-five cents, an' Ah come ter git it."

At High Altitudes.

Balloonsists who ascended about 10,000 feet in Europe, the other day, found a temperature of 27 degrees below zero.

At the end of a hard day, when you look over your work, how little you have accomplished!

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1903.

The trouble with the Colma incorporation scheme is that it is overloaded. Another trouble is that in its present shape the Board of Supervisors is a unit against it. Cut down to legitimate lines its promoters will have none of it. Inflated as it is at present no one outside of its promoters will touch it.

The Colombian Government has rejected the Panama Canal treaty and the transcontinental railroads have scored another victory over the American people. The history of the Isthmian canal enterprise is a dreary and disgraceful affair. The American people have been and are unanimously in favor of a canal across the isthmus to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They are a unit in favor of having the United States Government construct, own and control such waterway. The people are also in favor of the Nicaragua route. President Roosevelt is master of the situation. He can drop Panama and take up Nicaragua without consulting any one, other than Nicaragua. It is surely time "something was doing." We hope and pray that our fearless President will take up Nicaragua at once and push things until the canal is finished, open and ready for business.

The 37th National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic has been the great event of the past week. The climax of this great meeting was reached on Wednesday when the veterans of the war for the Union formed ranks and for two hours marched through the streets of San Francisco and in review before their Commander-in-Chief. It was a grand spectacle. Of the eight thousand who marched in that long procession the youngest had passed the age of 55 years. Many were there who had reached four score. There were no laggards, no stragglers there. Marching to the music and following the flag of their country, the gray and grizzled veterans were boys again. It was love for the flag and love of country that warmed their hearts and gave buoyancy to their steps. It was a magnificent spectacle, and great object lesson in the school of patriotism.

A Legend of February.
Here is the pretty legend which tells why February has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days. Long ago, they say, February was a gambler, and he was so unlucky that he soon lost all his money. Like other gamblers, he tried to recover it, and he said to his companions that if they would lend him some money he would give them as security one of his days. January and March, who were naturally associated with him more often than any of the other months, accepted his offer, and as poor February soon lost the money which he had borrowed each of them acquired one of his days.

That is why January and March have each thirty-one days and February has only twenty-eight in ordinary and twenty-nine in leap years.

Women's Strength in Tears.

The weakest woman in all the world is armed with one weapon against which man's pride and strength are powerless. Her tears will win when everything else has failed. A woman's tears move her own tender sex as well as the sterner masculine brutes. Old and young yield to their potential spell, and when the woman happens to be pretty there is no telling what will follow when her bright eyes grow misty with these messengers from a wounded heart. It is folly to attempt to stand out against a woman's tears. They have caused revolutions. They have made and unmade many a great cause. They can be met in only one way—unconditional surrender.—Exchange.

Ungrateful Girl.
"Miss Pechis," began Mr. Klose, "if you marry me you can be assured that—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Klose," the girl interrupted hastily, "but it is impossible. I can never marry you."

"What! Well, if that ain't ingratitude. Didn't I bring you a box of candy last week?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Trap.
"You call zat building a 'fire trap'?" asked the perplexed foreigner. "How can a house be a trap for ze fire?"

"It catches fire so easily. See?" said the native.
But he couldn't see, such is the unreadiness of the untrained foreign intellect in grasping the idioms of our rich and expressive language.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CHINAMAN IN THE UNITED STATES

From Frank Leslie's Magazine.

It is estimated that there are about 100,000 Chinamen in the United States, and that 20,000 of them are in San Francisco. There is a considerable Chinese colony in New York, and there are small colonies in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Though they do not belong to the educated classes, ninety-five per cent. of them can read and write. A daily paper in the Chinese language is published in San Francisco, and another in New York.

Nearly all the Chinamen in the United States come from the single province of Kwong Tung, the most populous of the eighteen provinces of the Chinese empire. Its capital is Canton. In 1889 an educated Chinaman from the province of Shan Tung said that beside himself there were only two Chinamen in the United States that came from any province in China other than Kwong Tung. The inhabitants of this province have for centuries been more adventurous and fond of traveling than the rest of

operations performed, such as pounding the back, cleaning the eye-balls, and scraping the ears. The queue is universally worn in China, having been introduced by the Tartars as a badge of subjection when they conquered China, and having since become merely a national custom. Some Chinamen in the United States dispense with the queue, but let it grow again when they are about to visit their native land. When at work the queue is often coiled on the top of the head.

When a Chinaman dies his body is dressed in his best clothes and laid on the coffin; pigs roasted whole and other viands are spread out to feed the spirits of the dead, and in many cases mourners are hired to chant the praises of the deceased. When the ceremony is over the body is placed in the coffin, and the procession moves out to the cemetery. Children dressed in white often walk barefooted behind the coffin of their father or mother. Strips of brown paper pierced with holes are scattered along the road to keep off any bad spirits that may be hovering near.

The Chinaman, though hardworking and frugal in the highest degree, is rarely free from the vices of gambling and opium-smoking. In a city there is an exodus of Chinese house-servants every night from the suburbs to the Chinese quarter, and if one happens to be out late one will certainly see Chinamen stealing quietly to the employers' homes after a night of gambling and dissipation. But in the morning the incalculable oriental will be ready with breakfast just as usual.

The Chinese are idolaters, and have temples containing the images of noble characters, whom they ask to present their petitions to the Great Being "Shing," who dwells somewhere in the sky. Roasted pigs, chickens, and sweetmeats are presented to the "Joss," in whose honor candles are lighted, incense and joss sticks burned. The worshipper kneels and touches the floor with his head as he utters his prayer.

In every Chinese quarter are underground opium dens, to which narrow flights of tottering stairs lead. They are deathly still, and the atmosphere reeks with the fumes of the drug. Every lodging-house, restaurant, and guild-hall supplies facilities for indul-



THE COBBLER AND HIS SHOP.

their fellow-countrymen, and they are always ready to face danger if there is a good chance of profit. The emigrants are generally farmers or mechanics, who, finding business dull, borrow money and journey to a foreign land in the hope of bettering their lot.

Of the Chinamen in the United States perhaps one-twentieth are merchants, who deal chiefly in Chinese products, such as ducks' feet, stuffed with chicken liver, wrapped in entrails, dried oysters, shad preserved in oil, pork cured in sugar, dried cabbages, salted turnips, ancient eggs of ducks and many other things esteemed dainties by the Chinese palate. These articles, on account of the freight and heavy import duties, are very costly, but no Chinaman considers a menu complete without them. The Chinese merchants export from the United States woolen cloth, flannel, cotton goods, petroleum, ginseng, and many other articles. Shoes and cigars are extensively manufactured by the Chinese, the number of cigarmakers being estimated at several thousands.

Though many Chinamen are scattered about the suburbs of western towns as cooks, household servants or laundrymen, and many others live on ranches or orchards, most of them congregate together as much as possible. In many western cities there is a quarter called "Chinatown," the houses of which, crowded like rabbit-warrens with yellow humanity, wear a squalid, tumble-down, greasy, forlorn air, and are pervaded by a curious, indefinable smell, which is everywhere perceptible and often overpowering. The streets of a Chinese quarter swarm with men, women and children; the shops are adorned with gaudy gilt signs and lanterns of various shapes, sizes and colors. Here and there a blank wall is covered with notices on bright red paper, with black letters, which are read with much apparent interest by the Chinamen. On the sidewalks in the front of the stores are stalls, where fruit, vegetables and edibles of unfamiliar and unprepossessing appearance are exposed for sale. In the doorways and corners tailors and cobblers ply their trades. A fortune-teller sits at a little table, on the wall behind which a large notice sets forth his powers and pretensions.

The proprietor of a drug store is frequently a physician wearing large-rimmed spectacles and assuming a mysterious air. Among his curative agents are powdered beetles, cockroaches, skins of caterpillars, snakes' bones, lizards, deer-horns and the blood of toads. The drug ginseng is found in every store, and is believed to be a preservative of youth.

The restaurants occupy the upper floors of three-story buildings, and are distinguished by gaily painted and gilded balconies, adorned with rows of great lanterns. The rooms are decorated with handsome Chinese furniture and elaborately carved screens. Here the rich Chinamen give big dinners with many courses and musical accompaniments. The eating-houses for poor Chinamen are chiefly in cellars, and are rudely furnished. The merchants have their own kitchens, and eat their meals at the back of their shops, helping themselves from a large dish placed in the center of the small table and using chopsticks.

It has been said, and with truth, that the Chinaman in the United States does not even change his tailor or his barber. Through the windows of the barber's shops you may see Chinamen having their heads and foreheads shaved, their scanty beards trimmed, their queues combed and braided with silk to increase the length, and other toilet



A CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER.

gence in the drug. The Chinaman's favorite drink is tea, though he has a spirit called "Samshoo," which is distilled from rice, and drunk from small cups hardly larger than thimbles.

Indian Enlists in the Navy.

The first full-blooded Indian to arrive at League Island navy yard is now doing duty on the Minneapolis. He is known in the Crow tribe, of which he is a member, as Great Whitebear, and is descended from the Indian chief of that name. Whitebear, as he is called at the navy yard, enlisted as a landsman. He was educated at the Carlisle Indian school, and has a brother who formerly served in the United States cavalry.

"I have been here two days, and the officer has placed me in charge of a squad," said the Indian Jackie, with great pride, when asked how he liked his experience so far. "I felt when I left Carlisle that I would like to do something for my country, and the life of a sailor appealed to me. So I enlisted. They make a good American of you at Carlisle. I believe the discipline and training of the navy will be a good thing for Carlisle graduates, and I hope other Indians will follow my example."

Whitebear is 23 years old and is a fine specimen of physical manhood.—New York Tribune.

Why He Was Rejected.
McJigger—Poor fellow! He's terribly cut up because Miss Oldenrich rejected him.

Thingumbob—Rejected him? I thought she'd jump at a proposal.
McJigger—She was going to, but first she asked him if he would love her when she was old, and he absently replied: "I do."—Philadelphia Press.

All the Essentials.

"Was she happily married?"
"Very! Why, her trousseau alone cost over six thousand dollars."—Judge.

If a man trusts to luck for his dinner he will never be troubled with the gout.

PRESIDENT DIAZ

Greatest Example of the Benevolent Despot in the World.

Porfirio Diaz is the finest living example of the benevolent despot whom philosophers have declared to be the best possible ruler of any state. Since 1875 he has governed Mexico with an iron hand, but with perfect justice and wisdom. Like Washington, he has been first in war and first in peace, and now he has become first in the hearts of his countrymen.

International attention is now turned toward Mexico because this fall one or two things will occur—either Porfirio Diaz will consent to enter on another term of office as President or he will persist in retiring and someone else take his place.

It is possible that Jose Ives Limdufour will be the man. Diaz has trained him as his understudy for years past, and regards him as a strong, safe statesman who would be likely to keep Mexico in the right path. But the people of Mexico say nobody can wear the giant's robe save the giant. They want Diaz for their ruler, not Diaz's pupil, however carefully that pupil may have been trained.

The one alternative means peace, the other uncertainty. So great have the foreign interests in Mexico grown, and so important an entity is Mexico in Pan-American politics, that the turning point is the occasion of more than slight anxiety to the United States, to



PRESIDENT DIAZ.

European investors and to all Latin-Americans who long for the blessings of peace and good government.

"As long as Diaz is alive and able to sit in the saddle," said one of his staunchest supporters, "there need be no fear for the future of Mexico. If he retires, as he wishes to do, the government may grow weak, and there may be a revolution. Diaz would then come back to the helm and crush that revolution as easily as you could crush a fly. He is an old man, but he has all the fire and energy of youth."

"It is true that he is past 70, but he is an Oaxaca Indian, and time deals lightly with all that tribe. Some of his relatives and fellow tribesmen are hale, vigorous men at 90 and 95. The political chief of one of the mountain towns of Oaxaca is 102, and he may be seen riding a broncho about his district any day. To see the President going about one would think him 50 and no more; he is so strong, quick and keen."

"When he stays at his country estate at La Chapala, he lives the vigorous, open-air life of the Indian and eats nothing but the simple Indian dishes of boyhood. He owes his unimpaired physique to his love for the open air and strenuous exercise."

Life Size.

An interesting incident is connected with John S. Sargent's portrait of President Roosevelt. The Brooklyn Eagle says that the artist had tried several times to pose the President, but the light never suited him.

Finally some one suggested that the lower corridor of the White House might do, and the party moved down the new marble stairway. Just as they reached the foot, President Roosevelt placed a hand on the velvet post.

Sargent turned suddenly and noted the position of his model under an effective light shining down the stair way from the north.

"Stop just where you are, Mr. President," said he. "That's what I want. The pose is perfect and the light is good."

Then and there he began to work upon the remarkable portrait. It proved to be so good that there is no doubt it would stand the test which was involuntarily applied to the portrait of Secretary Hay.

A lady who was staying in Washington one day returned to her hotel, and said to her husband, who was a friend of the Secretary:

"I have just seen Secretary Hay walking up Pennsylvania avenue."

"Why did you think it was he?" asked her husband, knowing that she had never met the gentleman.

"Because I saw John Sargent's portrait come to life."

Bright.

"Her children are very bright."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, very. The youngest, even, a boy of four, has already mastered the rudimentary principles of scientific play, and is about to enter on the study of the more abstruse forms. The teachers at the kindergarten frankly confess they never met with equal precocity. Often children reach the age of ten without having learned to play scientifically."

At a Stage Rehearsal.

"You do not inject enough contempt, spite and venom into that word."

"I can do no better."

"Nonsense! Speak it just as you say 'plush' when you meet a rival in a sealskin sacque.—Life.

Chair Postures.

It is one thing to have a chair and another to know how to sit on it. The ideal of a graceful sitting posture has varied in the different ages of the world. The Egyptian sat bolt upright, the knees and feet closely pressed together. It was the ceremonial attitude. The Greeks and Romans, when they were at liberty to forget their dignity, sat stooping, with one or both elbows supported by the arms of the chair.

The Chinese ideal was with the knees and feet wide apart. They have maintained that attitude in sitting for 400 years. The Saxons and early Norman kings are represented in old manuscript and on coins in the same position. Down to a date comparatively recent, kings and queens received sitting stiffly on their thrones, any marked change of posture being thought to derogate from the royal dignity. They now receive standing.

His Long Sermon.

A Philadelphia clergyman used to relate the following on himself: "I preached a funeral sermon at one time and spoke on the resurrection. I am sure I spoke longer than was my custom."

"The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members, 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?'"

"Well," said the brother, "that is a good sermon."

"Yes," said the undertaker, "the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Inappropriate Quotations.

The following is a good example of inappropriate quotations: A clergyman appointed to an East End living found his parish church sadly in need of repair and gave orders for its renovation. While this was in hand the idea occurred to him to visit the mission halls in connection with it to see what might be needed there. In one of them which was used as a mission chapel he found a state of indescribable filth from end to end and an accompanying effluvia. In disgust he raised his eyes toward the roof and could hardly repress a fit of laughter on reading the text stenciled on the wall behind the pulpit, "How dreadful is this place!" Another story is of an old Presbyterian clergyman who, away on a preaching engagement, found above the bed on which he was to sleep the singular advice, "Occupy till I come."—London Chronicle.

Monkey and Parrot in Brazil.

In Brazil monkeys and parrots have interests in common. They not only roost in the same trees, but work for mutual benefit. The monkeys cannot easily pick the big Brazil nut husks from the trees, so the parrots gnaw them loose, allowing them to drop, the fall to the ground splitting them. Then the monkeys tear the cracked husks asunder, gather the nuts and divide them with the parrots. Sometimes, when the husks fail to split, the monkeys carry them up to the highest limbs of the tree and let them drop again. Monkey and parrot enjoy their harvest side by side.

"Why, Sharpe, I'm glad to see you so lively again. You were quite lame when I last met you."
"Oh, yes; I was awfully lame then. But that was before I got a verdict of \$5,000 against the railway company."

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TOWN NEWS

Grand Army week.

Good-bye to the gray and grizzled veterans.

Work is progressing at the Jupiter Steel Works.

Constable R. J. Carroll has been sick the past week.

Mrs. R. Gollnik spent a portion of the past week here.

Senator Healy is pushing work at the Hyland cottage.

S. C. Coombes is still confined to his home on Grand avenue.

A. E. Shirley and wife departed Tuesday for Brownsburg, Ind.

The large extension building to the Steiger pottery is nearly completed.

Look out for the Athletic Club's masquerade ball on September 12th.

Mr. P. Lind has purchased the butcher business of Mr. Chas. Hedlund.

Rev. Geo. W. Beatty will preach in Butchers' Hall Sunday, August 23d, at 7:30 p. m.

The women of Woodcraft will give a grand ball on Saturday, evening, October 3, 1903.

The Land and Improvement Company will clean the big water reservoir tomorrow.

Fred Gilbert is up and around, and expects to resume work at Fuller's Paint Works in a short time.

The new quarry is crowded with work to its utmost capacity, filling orders for the Santa Fe R. R. Co.

Mrs. Pauline Dieu has commenced the erection of a three-room cottage on her lot on Commercial avenue.

A scarcity of deer is reported by the hunters in various parts of the county.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell left Saturday for a two weeks' camping trip in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Mr. J. Ringue contemplates building a cottage on his lot on Commercial avenue in the very near future.

The carpenters have completed the woodwork of the two-roomed addition on the east end of the Sagala cottage.

W. S. Taylor is busy gathering up the old insulators throughout the county for the Standard Electric Co.

A large delegation of our local sports attended the Corbett-Jeffries fight on Friday night of last week.

When the steel works are open and ready for business houses will be in demand and no one ready to supply them.

Public school closed on Wednesday on account of the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic in San Francisco.

Albert Pigeon, who was removed from this place to St. Luke's Hospital, some six weeks ago, is reported improving.

Mrs. W. J. Martin returned home from St. Luke's Hospital on Wednesday of last week and continues to steadily improve.

John Montevardo and bride of South San Francisco visited friends in Halfmoon Bay this week.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

The party and hop given by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson to their son Charles in honor of his 18th birthday was a brilliant social success.

The quarry company has closed its boarding camp at the cottages. This means that hereafter the company's employees will board in town.

Mr. Geo. Perham, proprietor of the Boston Dairy, near Baden Station, who suffered an injury to his knee recently, is rapidly recovering.

J. F. Lindthorst, who acted as S. P. agent at the local depot for a short time last spring, spent Monday afternoon with the railroad boys.

W. J. McLoughlin, special state agent for the Phoenix Savings B. and L. Association, spent the fore part of the week here on official business.

Pete Lind left Tuesday for a two weeks' vacation, after which he will take charge of the butcher shop formerly conducted by Chas. Hedlund.

Claire E. Crocker paid old friends here a visit Monday. We understand that Claire will at an early date take unto himself a life companion and wife.

Miss Emma Engel spent Saturday here after three weeks' sickness. Miss Engel has been receiving medical treatment for typhoid malaria and inflammatory rheumatism.

N. W. Rollins of Lathrop, a Civil War veteran and father of our Zell W. Rollins, spent the past week taking in the encampment and visiting his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Zell Rollins.

The South San Francisco brass band has been reorganized with fifteen members. Steps have been taken to secure the services of a competent instructor. Thos. Mason is President and Jno. A. Huber, Secretary, of the new organization.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mason and Miss Hannah Cohen returned Saturday evening from Sacramento, where they had spent the past week attending the Pocahontas convention as delegates from this place.

Mr. A. T. Sherman was on Monday appointed pound-keeper in and for the First township in place of Wm. Akin, resigned. Mr. Sherman proposes to enforce the law without fear or favor. Loose stock will be taken up and locked up in the pound.

On Thursday the Land and Improvement Company decided to extend Grand Avenue to the county road following the course surveyed for the new electric road. This will give better connection with the county road, particularly in the winter months.

Our school had a holiday on Wednesday so that the children might see the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic. Quite an aggregation of boys and girls with Mr. and Mrs. Painton enjoyed seeing the line of march, lunch in Union Square and a visit to the horticultural and mining exhibits in the Ferry Building.

The contract for building the new electric line was let on Tuesday last to Mr. Henry Michael. Work will begin just as soon as material can be secured. We understand that ties and poles will have to be obtained from Washington State, as the supply in San Francisco is exhausted. This will probably entail a delay of from two to three weeks.

Mr. Albert Horner, a large planter of the Sandwich islands, arrived on Thursday of last week. Mr. Horner's mother and W. J. Martin of this place were schoolmates. The second generation will continue the relationship. Young Mr. Horner and Dave O. Martin entered St. Matthews' School at San Mateo on Monday of last week.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Hannah Cohen returned from Sacramento last Saturday loaded down with souvenirs of our beautiful State capitol and other places of interest in Sacramento. They are all well pleased with their trip and the hospitality shown them during their stay in Sacramento.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

W. J. McEWEN,

Vitaopathist.

Do you suffer from any ailments?

TRY VITAOPATHY.

It has helped others it will help you!

Hours: 7 to 9 p. m. Sundays by appointment.

Supervisor McEvoy met with a painful accident Thursday while driving a four-horse team attached to a load of hay up the grade a little beyond Holy Cross Cemetery. A short sliding on the road caused the hay to topple and throw Mr. McEvoy to the ground. He struck on his feet and sustained a sprain of the knee cap. It is very painful and the attending physician says it will be many days before Mr. McEvoy will be able to be around.—Times-Gazette.

APPLIED FOR LETTERS.

Jeremiah O'Connor has applied for letters of administration upon the estate of John M. O'Connor, who died August 2d. The deceased left an estate the value of which does not exceed \$500. It consists of personal property worth \$50 and two pieces of land at South San Francisco valued at \$300.—Times-Gazette.

ESTRAYS.

"Section 3—Each and every horse, mare, colt, mule, jack, jennet, cattle, sheep, hog, pig or goat, or any number of such animals, running at large, or herded, or tied or staked, or held with a rope, or found grazing upon any public street, road, highway, avenue, alley or public square, (or upon private property without the consent of the owner thereof, whether accompanied by a herder or not) shall be deemed and held to be estrays and animals running at large within the meaning of this ordinance."

The above extract from the pound ordinance of this county defines an estray within the meaning of the law. As will be seen the law is sweeping and prohibits staking out or herding stock.

NOTICE.

Upon assuming the duties of Pound Keeper in and for the First Pound District of San Mateo county, I desire to say that the Pound Ordinance will be strictly and impartially enforced.

A. T. SHERMAN, Pound Keeper.

LOST.

Wednesday, August 19th, on car of the San Mateo electric road, between Baden Station and Mt. Olivet Cemetery, a package containing valuable papers belonging to Mrs. Lizzie Gollnik.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Colma Citizens Incorporation Scheme After Partial Hearing Postponed Until September.

All the members of the Board of Supervisors were on hand on Monday with the exception of Mr. McEvoy, who is confined to his bed by reason of a fall from a hay wagon recently. His knee was so seriously injured that it is thought he will be crippled for life. He will be confined to his home for some weeks.

Colma was well represented in the audience, a large number of citizens having made their appearance in connection with the incorporation proceedings. Among those present were R. S. Thornton, Jas. T. Casey, John Daly, Behrend Joost, Henry Ward Brown and a number of others. Representing the incorporationists was C. W. Eastin of Redwood City, while E. F. Fitzpatrick appeared for the Holy Cross Cemetery. Geo. C. Ross also was present, representing John D. Daly, whom the Call on Wednesday last accused of being the representative of the poolmen. He asked that Mr. Daly be given a hearing, as a matter of personal privilege, and the request was granted.

Armed with a copy of the Call Mr. Daly pronounced the article an unqualified pack of lies in so far as it referred to him. He also strenuously objected to the remarks alleged to have been made by Supervisor Eikenkotter and Superintendent Noble of Cypress Lawn. He claimed he had been done an injustice which his long residence in the county did not war-

rant. He asked Mr. Eikenkotter if he was correctly quoted by the Call. Mr. Eikenkotter replied that while there was a difference of opinion as to certain matters connected with the proposed incorporation of Colma, he was very particular to mention no names in his interview with the reporters.

After considerable discussion on the subject by the various members and attorneys, Henry Ward Brown remarked that he did not understand the Call to be on trial.

Attorney Eastin with a show of anger replied that he did not propose to stand by and see the papers of San Francisco and San Mateo County assail the movers in this matter and remain silent.

Just as matters were getting interesting, Chairman Coleman announced he would permit no more of this discussion, nor would he allow any one to indulge in personalities.

Several matters required by law was proceeded with, and at a late hour when it was apparent more time would be necessary the matter was laid over until the first regular meeting in September.

William E. Akins resigned as Poundmaster of the First Township. F. J. Carolan petitioned for permission to lay a five-inch water main in Oak Grove avenue at Burlingame, and the Board will investigate as to whether the avenue is a public thoroughfare.

Geo. Williams of Halfmoon Bay, notified the Board that he wished to withdraw from the bond of Constable Fred Vallejo of that township and Geo. F. Gilchrist wants to be relieved from further responsibility as Poundmaster Wyman's surety. Both applicants in consequence must file new bonds.

Bids for a new wharf franchise at Halfmoon Bay were opened as follows: Armand Levy, \$51; Henry Ward Brown, \$5.

Mr. Brown was given an opportunity to raise Mr. Levy's bid, and he elevated it to \$60. He secured the franchise.

After the transaction of other matters of minor importance the session ended.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed, for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The August water rate must be paid on or before the last day of August. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of Sept. and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

Rockefeller and the Bungs.

In former years John D. Rockefeller's supervision of Standard Oil company affairs took in even the smallest detail. On one occasion, according to Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's, commenting on a monthly statement, he called a refiner's attention to a discrepancy in regard to bungs, articles worth about as much in a refinery as pins are in a household. "Last month," he said to the subordinate official concerned, "you reported on hand 1,119 bungs. Ten thousand were sent you at the beginning of this month. You have used 9,527 this month. You report 1,012 on hand. What has become of the other 580?" Apparently Mr. Rockefeller's idea was: Take care of the bungs and the barrels will take care of themselves.

A Puzzle Fable.

An American heiress was wooed by a foreign prince, who urgently besought her to become his wife. In order to test the sincerity of his love he asked: "Will you still marry me if I give away all my money for charity and become as poor as yourself?"

The prince considered awhile, and then responded, "Yes, provided you will still marry me if I renounce my title and become a plain republican person like yourself."

Query—Did she agree to his proposition?—Smart Set.

Zoo Society Note.

Inquisitive Visitor—Do these animals ever seem to engage in anything that might be called a form of amusement?

Park Attendant (with great solemnity)—Yes, ma'am. The kangaroo frequently gives a hop.—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, you look like an optimist. I have a happy countenance. Lend me a dollar."

"My friend, do you know why I have a happy countenance? It's because I haven't a dollar to lend."

—Exchange.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable native steers not plentiful and selling at strong prices. Half fat and Arizona steers are plentiful and selling at easier prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVERPOOL—The quoted prices are 1/2 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8@8 1/2; 2d quality, 7 1/2; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6 1/2; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 5 1/2; Thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 250 lbs, 5 1/2@6c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5 1/2@5 3/4c; rough, heavy hogs, 4 1/2@5; hogs weighing under 130 lbs, 5 1/2@5 3/4c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs, and under, 3 1/2@4c; L. W. S., 3 1/2@3 3/4c; Spring Lambs, 4 1/2@5c.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5@5 1/2; over 250 lbs, 4 1/2@4 3/4c.

PRIME MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7 1/2; second quality, 7c; thin steers, 6 1/2@7c; first quality cows and heifers, 6 1/2; second quality, 6c; third quality, 4@6c.

VEAL—Large 8 1/2@7 1/2; medium, 8@8 1/2; small, good, 9 1/2@10c; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8 1/2@; light, 9@; Heavy Ewes, 8c; Light Ewes, 8@; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 8@10c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 15 1/2@15 3/4c; picnic hams, 10 1/2c.

BACON—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 15 1/2c; light S. C. bacon, 17c; med. bacon, clear, 12 1/2c; L. med. bacon, clear, 13@13 1/2c; clear, light bacon, 15c; clear ex. light bacon, 15 1/2c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.50; do, h. bbl, \$7.00; Family Beef, bbl, \$13.50; h. bbl, \$7.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$12.50; do, h. bbl, \$6.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12 1/2c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12 1/2c; Clear, bbls., \$22.50; h. bbls., \$11.50; Soused Pigs Feet, h. bbls. \$5.00; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are 1/2 lb:

Test, 1/2 bbls. 50c, 20c, 10c, 5c.

Compound 7 1/2 7 3/4 7 1/2 7 1/4 5 1/2 5 1/4 5 1/2 5 1/4

Cal pure 10 10 1/4 10 1/4 10 1/4 10 1/4 10 1/4 10 1/4

In 3 lb tins the price on each is 1/4c higher than on 5 lb tins.

CORNER MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25.

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Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

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South San Francisco

BREWRIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

A BALAKLAVA SPECTATOR.

Des Moines Resident Was Near When the "600" Took Their Famous Ride.

Jas. Lallay of Des Moines, Iowa, aged and infirm, but still maintaining a military bearing, was a British soldier during the Crimean war and was but a few miles from Balaklava when the famous 600 "rode into the jaws of death."

Lallay was born near Newport, Tolenda, Ireland, in 1836. In 1853, at the Queen's call for troops, he enlisted with the Connaught Rangers. After the war he went to Montreal, Can., where he was honorably discharged.

Among his deeds of bravery may be mentioned those at Green Hill, where he seized a burning torpedo which had been hurled into their ranks and threw it into a nearby lake, thus saving the



JAMES LALLAY.

lives of an entire company. At another time amid a hail of shot and shell he dragged a fallen comrade back of the firing line. Medals were given him for both these deeds.

Several other medals that were given him for bravery were stolen some years ago and he is endeavoring to get duplicates.

FOUNTAIN MAKES ICE MONUMENT.



What is commonly termed an ice monument is an annual formation of ice weighing many tons, the result of severe low temperature upon an artificial fountain constructed at Parkers Glen, Pa., on the Delaware river. During the warm season, for the past twelve years, this fountain, which is capable of throwing a stream to a height of more than 100 feet, has been a famous object of interest to thousands of travelers. The interest manifested in winter, however, is even more marked, because of the beauty of this immense column of ice, which stands from base to apex a stately height of 80 feet, closely resembling white marble.

Recent London Statistics.

The latest statistics, just published by the London county council, show that the population of that city—Greater London—is 6,581,372. There are 234,398 female servants and 15,425 male servants. The average birth rate per 1,000 of population in 1901 was 29, as compared with 30.3 in 1891-1900, 22.3 in 1881-1900, 35.5 in 1871-1880, 35.4 in 1861-1870 and 33.6 in 1851-1860. The average death rate for 1901 per 1,000 population was 17.6, as compared with 19.6 in 1891-1900, 20.5 in 1881-1890, 22.5 in 1871-1880, 24.4 in 1861-1870 and 23.7 in 1851-1860. The number of females over 10 years of age who work is 719,331, of whom 548,721 are unmarried. Of the total population 1,202,072 were born in the British provinces, 56,606 in Scotland, 60,211 in Ireland and 38,899 in other parts of the British Empire. The alien population numbers 73,804 males and 55,573 females. There are in the city 1,083 females for every 1,000 males. Out of every 1,000 persons of marriageable age, 367 males and 372 females are unmarried. In 1900, 36,635 bachelors were married, 37,463 spinsters, 3,876 widowers and 3,047 widows. Of the total number of marriages 72 per cent took place in the established church, 16.8 per cent in the registry offices and 4.6 per cent in the nonconformist churches.

The Touch.

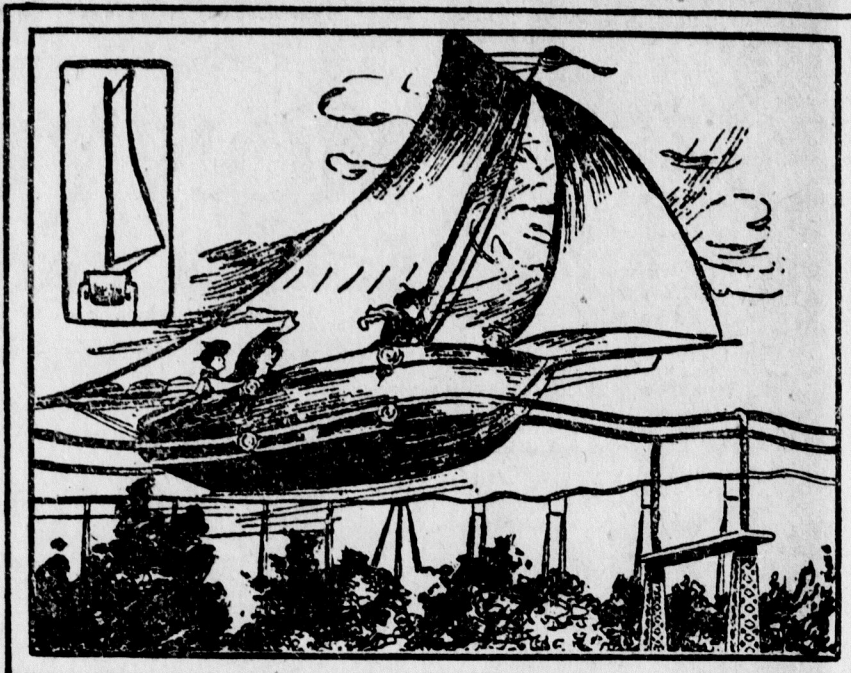
"A sweet book!" she exclaimed. "Not a touch of materialism in it!" I opened the volume. On the first leaf I read: "\$2.50."

"Ha!" I thought, but said nothing. I would not for the world shatter my wife's illusions.

We have decided that the greatest man in the world is a section hand, and the greatest thing in the world is a train on time.

Any act by which a man makes one enemy is in the end a losing game.

JOYS OF SAILING WITHOUT ITS DANGERS.



THE AERIAL SAILBOAT AND TRACK.

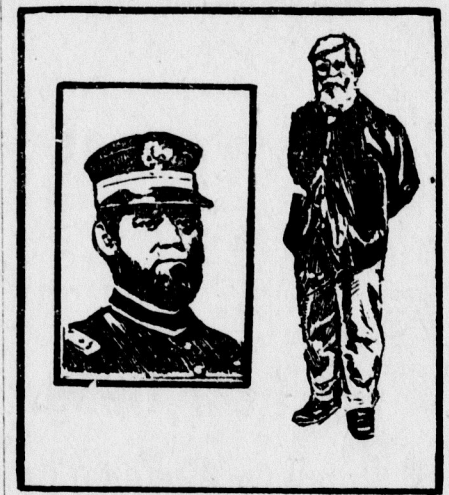
Terror of the water need no longer deter anyone from enjoying the delights of a trip in a sailboat. One of the latest forms of amusement designed to catch the coins of the visitors at seashore and excursion resorts is a device which has been recently patented, by which all the fun and exhilaration of riding on the surface of the foamy billows may be indulged in without the dangers of a similar trip on the water. The new sensation referred to is an aerial structure fitted with three tracks, along which it is designed that a regulation sailboat shall pass, driven by the force of the wind in the same manner as the boat is propelled on the surface of the water. The craft as she moves along will be given a motion identical with that imparted by the waves of the ocean, and the boat will travel along its course, sometimes with its sail spread out full to catch the breeze and making a straightway dash under full speed, and then returning by making "tacks," in just the same manner as the sailboats on the water do, with sail pulled in and the boat leaning and dipping, ever and anon, as the wind strikes the close-hauled sheet.

The supporting structure may be of any desirable character, but the main features of the device are the boat and the track on which it runs. Each side of the craft is fitted with a plurality of rollers spaced a short distance apart in position to engage the upper and lower parts of the track. Under the action of a light wind the boat will travel along in a vertical position, but a heavier breeze will cause the craft to tilt within certain lines, an upset being prevented by the lower row of wheels coming in contact with the under surface of the rail and holding the boat at that point. This imparts in a realistic manner the leaning of a boat, as such crafts act in the water, the deception being further carried out by making the tracks in the shape of a succession of curves.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FIRST VOLUNTEER STILL ALIVE

Over 75 years of age, yet as tall and hearty as a man in the prime of life, is Joseph H. Richardson, an ex-master in the United States navy, who lives upon and works his little farm in the suburbs of Burlington, N. J. Mr. Richardson claims to have been the first Pennsylvanian to volunteer his services to the country at the opening of the civil war. His certificates and commissions are proofs that his assertion is well founded. These old papers he prizes very highly, and it is doubtful if any amount of gold could induce him to part with them.

Richardson is a typical "sea dog." He was in the employ of the Clyde line



IN WAR TIME AND TODAY.

when Fort Sumter was captured. On April 17, 1861, the Keystone State, at that time one of the fastest vessels flying the stars and stripes, sailed into the port of Philadelphia. Commander Maxwell Woodhall had chartered the boat, and she was to enter the government service immediately. But Commander Woodhall, try as he would, could not find a pilot who had a knowledge of Southern waters. After hunting among the wharves he went, as a last resort, to the Clyde Company's office. President Clyde himself recommended Richardson, who volunteered to take the position, and that afternoon he turned the nose of the Keystone State southward for Hampton Roads, where he was transferred to the sloop-of-war Pawnee.

While off the Florida coast he applied for and received a discharge, as he still had no commission, and took passage for home. Arriving in Philadelphia, he found awaiting him a commission from the Secretary of the Navy appointing him a naval master and assigning him to duty on the Massachusetts. He served till 1866, when he received an honorable discharge.

PIANO EXPLODES.

Queer thing that happened to a Musical Instrument in "Frisco. Among hard-luck stories the following, as related by W. T. Richards, a New York piano agent, deserves a place in the hall of fame:

"What company I represent is better left out," said Mr. Richards in the Brown Palace Hotel. "Anyhow, I am a piano man, and once a year make a tour of our branch houses through the country."

"I was in San Francisco for a week. Every day, of course, I was in our branch house. A woman who had been trying to buy an instrument for several months was in at least a dozen times. I became interested in the sale, as she was hovering between our make and another. She had ar-

rived at this point, but try as she would she could not make up her mind. Every art of our salesmen had been exhausted, and on the final day one of our men was standing beside the instrument she liked best.

"We had explained for the hundredth time its merits. He went over the tone, touch, style and other details again and again. He was playing with the keys, touching them lightly, when all of a sudden there was an explosion. It was like the roar of a cannon, intermingling with the pealing of a hundred guitars. A piece of wood flew close to my head, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away we found the woman on the floor in a dead faint. A bit of blood trickled down her forehead, while the salesman was pushed flat up against an iron pillar. A hasty examination was made, and we found the piano had blown up—the first incident of the kind, as far as I know.

"Some way or somehow it had been keyed up to the highest pitch and the strings had given way. Later we found the piano had been close to a hot-air shaft. The wood had dried out and the strings stretched just that much more.

"When we got the woman back to life again she started in to talk. She claimed she had been damaged for life, and swore she would enter suit against us at once. I managed to settle by giving her an instrument free of cost. We are out the damaged instrument, and a second that cost us at least \$300 to make.

"The piano was a wreck, the top had been blown off, and even one of the sides cracked by the force."

Mr. Richards had a photograph of the wrecked instrument. He is taking it back to the New York factory.—Denver Post.

Mistakes of Two Queens.

Marie Antoinette, escaping from the Tuilleries, turned to the right instead of to the left after passing the inner arch. She lost her way, lost time, and by this means lost her own head and the head of Louis XVI. So the story of Carlyle runs.

Queen Draga of Serbia, according to the cable news of the hour, meant to leave Belgrade, but waited for a going-away gown, being anxious that, as a fugitive, she should appear in becoming attire. It was a fatal delay. The queen and Alexander fell in the palace, victims of "nothing to wear."

There are many gaps in the hedge which the divinity of tradition spreads about royalty. And spiteful small circumstance slips easily through with faithful large results. Besides which it appears that he must be a wise king who can forereckon with the false step or folly of his queen.—New York Sun.

Evolution of the Watch.

The inventor of the watch is a mystery, though the place of its invention is assigned to Nuremberg. The first watches were called "Nuremberg eggs," the first part of the name showing where they were made, the second telling of their shape. It was not until the invention of the spiral spring, in the fifteenth century, that watches became conveniently portable, and from that time the size decreased, while the timekeeping mechanism improved.

Think before you act, but don't spend too much time thinking. Actions count.

A boy's first pair of trousers always fit if the pockets are large.

GET-UPS FOR SUMMER

MANY DIFFERENT MATERIALS ARE DE RIQUER.

Not in a Long Time Has Fashion Sanctioned So Many and So Varied Weaves—Fine Examples in the Pictured Models.

New York correspondence:

HITE linens are the leading materials for midsummer fashions, though there is a plenty of other goods of current stylishness, many of them as distinctly summery as the linens. Not often, indeed, is the list of indorsed fabrics so long. Some depend in large degree for their seasonable appearance upon their delicate shading or their whiteness, though these wool goods are light, too, if not as filmy as materials of the transparency order. Serges, veilings, mohairs, canvases and cloths in white meet the eye on every hand, and the look of them betrays admirably the hottest spell. Canvas particularly is favored, its vogue rising superior to the suggestion of roughness conveyed by many of its coarse

neutral shades. The lace most used are white, though a surprising amount of black lace is seen. Dyed laces appear with impressive frequency, yet have not come into the general vogue that some of their uses would seem to warrant. Ruchings constitute a newly stylish enrichment of lace, outlining and emphasizing the pattern of the web.

To tell half the attractiveness of summer silk gowns would be a long chapter. Choice is not, as is so often the case, restricted to a few weaves. Pompadour silks are a new addition to an already long list. They are combined with mull or organdie for summer evening dresses, usually in schemes notable for intricacy and beauty. Checked silks are more seen than in early summer, especially in shirt waist suits. Black and white checks no longer are the whole showing, blue and white, green and white and novelty colorings appearing with sound indorsement. A new development in making them appears in the more brightly colored ones, and consists of strappings of some bright shade, usually red or green, accompanied by touches of gilt in buttons or passementerie, the trimmings arranged in military finish. This last should be taken with the caution that the military finish should be a suggestion only. Don't imitate the real soldierly get-up closely. That isn't what the styles now indorse. Taffetas of delightfully soft texture are much used in skirt-and-three-quarter-coat suits. Black is a good choice. Silk grenadines are in pleasing variety, the figured ones making a rarely tasteful showing, and making possible splendid results for the skillful choosers of colors in their trimmings. Foulards are coming for more use than it seemed



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SUMMER STYLES FOR THE MAJORITY.

weaves. White goods of these materials are marked as brand new by finish of red, this coming in piping, cording or stitching. Some of them are set off so strikingly in this manner as to be a bit too conspicuous for lovers of quiet elegance, but red used on white judiciously, and that means in moderate quantity, is entirely safe at least for younger women.

As a parade get-up for town, the combination may not be always suitable, but for the resorts, whether for her who spends all the season at some summering place or for a short tripper, it is an admirable selection. Red is similarly added to pongee, appearing in many shirt waist suits. It then hardly seems so dainty as in the red on white, but of the two uses one is no more stylish than the other.

Embroideries, laces and ribbons are employed to embellish such gowns, and often the wool goods are combined with a transparency in some intricate scheme. Nets richly embroidered come in for this mating, and often are beautifully enriched by interweaving of ribbons of harmonious shades. Cape collars are galore.

they would have. Satin broche foulards are fine enough to deserve a place on the stylish list, and they are getting it. The wonder is at the apparent reluctance with which women took them up.

Between the dressy and the elaborate summer get-up there is the strongest possible contrast. Taken separately or together, they do not supply any indication of that return to simplicity that has been rumored for several seasons. Certainly most women would prefer to see the highly wrought fashions retained if only their purses would permit. Models from both grades were sketched for these pictures. The gown of the small illustration was heavy red linen, and had a cluny lace collar finished with white tassels. From left to right in the next picture see a light gray voile banded with black silk and finished with gray cord; a white etamine embellished with black velvet, guipure and seed pearls, and a white voile showing white passementerie design trimming and white silk cord ornaments. In the concluding picture are simpler designs; a white habutai silk, tucked and showing valenciennes inser-



SIMPLER ELEGANCE.

and almost invariably are an improving addition. Fichus are numerous, too, no little ingenuity being apparent in the manner of employing them. Laces are put on with a lavish hand, and there is a strong tendency to use them with pendants. Pearl, passementerie and jet are added thus, and some pendants show

tion, and a white etamine whose loose jacket was finished with yak lace and silk cord ornaments. Severely plain models can be had by those who want them, but to use such when some degree of dressiness is called for is to run danger of seeming indifferent to fashion's rulings.



"If you refuse me I shall commit suicide." "Well, pa says you can't hang around here."—New York Evening Sun.

Bjohanson—Will you lend me your lawn mower? Bjackson—Yes, if you'll cut my grass to pay for the use of it.—Somerville Journal.

Harry—She evidently made an impression with him. George—How do you know? Harry—I saw him developing some snapshots of her.—Yonkers Herald.

Jim—Say! If you'll notice, you'll see that most of these big Wall street men started on a farm. Sam—Yes, and that is where they learned to water stock.—Princeton Tiger.

Teacher (to little 6-year-old)—Now, Freddie, what is a volcano? Freddie (with great confidence)—Oh, I know that! It's a mountain that interrupts all the time!—Life.

"Margaret, I think you cheapen yourself by going so much to the theater with Mr. Jones." "No, mother; on the contrary, I'm making myself very dear."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Van Major has made a fortune in the automobile business." "I didn't know he manufactured that class of vehicles." "He doesn't; he repairs them."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Biggar—How do I know you're blind? Beggar—Do you suppose I'd only ask for a nickel if I could see what a kind, liberal-looking gent you be.—New York Evening Sun.

Nell—Maude has suddenly discovered that she needs exercise, so she goes out for a walk every day. Belle—Yes, I heard that she had a lot of new clothes.—Philadelphia Record.

Summer Boarder—I thought your advertisement said something about boating? Farmer—Oh, yes. We have a boat and oars—only sometimes the creek dries up.—Town and Country.

Murphy—Will ye give me yer promise that ye'll love me forever? Bridget—Sure, an' O'd loike to do that same, Murphy, but O'im hardly of the opinion that O'll lasht as long as that.—Ram's Horn.

He Wasn't Sure: "Stand up, McNutty," said the police magistrate; "are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, an' it's meself as can't tell that till O' hear th' evidence," replied McNutty.—Chicago News.

Not Too Soon: "This is rather an unusual hour for you to be going to lunch. Not hungry so early, are you?" "No, but I will be by the time the waiter condescends to notice me."—Philadelphia Press.

She—Is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch? He—Sure. I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red-hot stove by merely putting his finger on it.—Chicago Daily News.

Mademoiselle—By the way, count, it is very awkward, but I do not know your name. Russian Count—Would you like to hear it. "Most certainly." "Then, if you have ten minutes to spare, sit town, and I will tell it to you."

Belle—Married next week? Why, you told us you were booked for a personally conducted tour with a small, select party. Marion—Yes, dear, but George is the personal conductor and I'm the small, select party.—Tit-Bits.

The Physician's Affront: "So you have decided to get another physician." "I have," answered Mrs. Cuneo; "the idea of his prescribing daisy tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are!"—Washington Star.

"Say!" demanded the ugly individual suddenly appearing from a dark alley, "what time is it?" "You're just about two minutes late," replied the Chicagoan; "that other gentleman you see running away has my watch."—Philadelphia Press.

Qualified: Superintendent (of gas works)—What do you know about laying gas pipes in the street? Applicant (for place as foreman)—I know they hadn't oughter be laid until the street has just been repaved. He got the place.—Judge.

"Well, Jones is certainly a patient man with a temper hard to rattle." "Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been known to go out with his wife to select wallpaper and go through the ordeal without losing his temper."—Baltimore Herald.

Cause of the Mirth: "Bridget," said Mrs. Hyflyte, "your lady friend mustn't stay so late hereafter. Her uproarious laughter woke me up at 1 o'clock this morning." "Yis, mum; I was tellin' her about how you tried to make cake was day."—Indianapolis Sun.

Major Dix—Do you think it's going to rain to-morrow, Uncle Isham? Uncle Isham—I dunno, honey. It's mighty hard to prognosticate. When de Lawd had charge of de weathah I could tell sumfin' 'erbout it, but sense dis yere weathah bureau dun bin runnin' it Uncle Isham's had ter git it up.—Judge.

Barnes—I'm afraid I'm losing my mind. When I borrow money from any of my friends, I'm sure to forget all about it. Howes—Why, that is no sign of mental decline. On the contrary, it shows a fine business capacity. Barnes—But I also forget when a friend owes me something. Howes—That's all right. That's tact.—Boston Transcript.

THE SALESWOMAN

Compelled to Be on Her Feet the Larger Part of the Day Finds a Tonic in Pe-ru-na.

Miss Curtin, of St. Paul, Gives Her Experience.



Miss Nellie Curtin.

MISS NELLIE CURTIN, 646 Pearl street, St. Paul, Minn., head saleswoman in a department store writes:

"I have charge of a department in a dry goods store, and after standing the larger part of the day, I would go home with a dull ache, generally through my entire body. I used Peruna and feel so much better that I walk to and from the store now. I know Peruna to be the best medicine on the market for the diseases peculiar to women."

—Miss Nellie Curtin.

Nothing is so weakening to the human system as the constant loss of mucus. Catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membrane produces an excessive formation of mucus. Whether the mucous membrane be located in

The best turkeys for breeding purposes are those two years old; if yearling stock is used the earliest hatched should be selected.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure. J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

The best way to find a turkey's nest is to shut her up until noon then turn her out. She will go straight to her nest.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WEST & TUTT, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. L. DING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A pan of skim milk occasionally will do much to make the hens cackle.

Cure Grippe Without Gripe.

Grippe caused by microbes. Germ-killing, system-toning, Cascarets Candy Cathartic provide a quick, permanent cure for grippe. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

If the salt does not dissolve readily it is liable to make the butter gritty and to retain too much water.

In case of sickness use pure, old O. K. Cutter Whisky. No family should be without it. A. P. Hotelling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

We believe in the forgiveness of sins through atoning deeds and not creeds.

Ask for Miller's Milwaukee Beer. Best in the market. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

He—How long, Miss Fanny, do you fancy a fellow could live without bwaains? She—I don't know. How old are you?

Mem. for Good Health.

To-day drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Poverty and disease are generally the result of ignorance.

"Does the captain say whether we shall break the record or not?" "Yes, he says either the record or the boiler must go." "How lovely!"

Be explicit in writing receipts when whisky is used—say "Old Gilt Edge" and there'll be no disappointment. Wholesale at 320 Clay St., S. F. Wichman, Lutgen & Co.

The making up of butter depends upon the custom of market to which it is sent.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The activity of milk secretion depends largely upon the vigor of blood circulation of the cow.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 25c. trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 261 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It injures the flavor, appearance and keeping quality of butter to work undissolved salt into it.

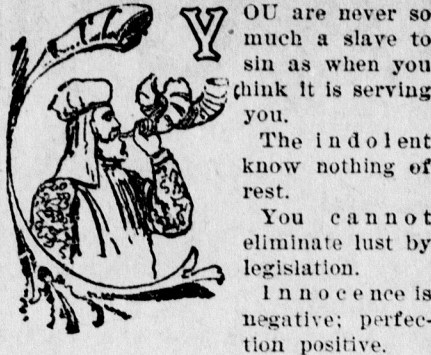
When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention This Paper

S. F. N. P. U. No. 34, 1903.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Undeceived.



Heaven is deaf when the heart is dumb. There is no self-satisfaction in salvation.

Principles mark the steps of man's progress.

Submission is the secret of spiritual strength.

There is no opportunity to read the proofs of life.

Christ is the first man who dared face the future.

Old seeds must be broken before new life can begin.

The commonplace is often the place of communion.

There are no necessary evils in a righteous world.

The religion that is laid on the shelf soon gets moldy.

The slander we cause is the only kind that clings to us.

A life-line is better than a speaking-trumpet any day.

Spiritual visions are not given to slothful dreamers.

The devil's crown always slips down around our necks.

Complacency with sin is not compassion for the sinner.

Heart-searching is a good cure for the habit of censoring.

The fruits of the saloon go back to its roots in the citizen.

You cannot give men your love until you take off your glove.

The man who thinks he is smart will surely smart for his thinking.

Often they who try to uproot Christianity only shake down its fruits.

Better the water without the well than the well without the water.

The only sermon the devil really fears is the living one on two legs.

HIGH WATER AT ST. LOUIS.

The Great Floods of 1844 and 1858 Recalled.

Destruction caused by the recent Mississippi floods recalls times when high water was not confined to districts below St. Louis, but when the levee here was flooded and boats found no difficulty in landing their cargoes at the foot of the various streets, says the St. Louis Republic. Memorable are the great floods of 1844 and 1858, in which the river reached the highest stages ever known here.

The high water of 1858 is especially well remembered. At that time the water in the local channel measured 36 feet 9 inches, the highest, with only one exception, ever recorded here. Boats came directly to the streets to land their cargo, and some were able to swing their gangways across to the front windows of buildings along the levee, thus discharging freight directly in the warehouses.

One boat was actually able to proceed a few feet up Olive street, her gangplank extending half way up what is now Main street. The first floors of all the buildings along the river front were flooded, the water standing three feet deep in most of them.

There was no trestle in those days, and the high water enabled the boats to come close up to the foot of the streets. The wharves could be dispensed with altogether if necessary, although many steamers preferred to discharge their freight on the wharves, the goods being thence carried across on temporary bridges.

As a comparison with other floods, it may be mentioned that the great rise of 1844 gave a depth of 41 feet 9 1/2 inches in channel at the foot of Market street. The flood of 1858 showed 36 feet 9 inches. In 1883 the river rose to 34 feet 4 inches, while the flood of 1892 came fairly close to this latter figure, touching 35 feet.

Humming Bird a Fighter.

Although the English sparrow has managed in large measure to banish from its haunts many larger native birds, and even the courageous little wren, there is one smaller bird of which it is afraid. This tiny but formidable enemy is the humming bird. That familiar principle of physics that the striking power of a body in motion is equal to its weight multiplied by its velocity is the secret of the humming bird's superiority over the sparrow. The humming bird's weight is small, but its speed is high, and its buzzing haste has genuine terror for its larger enemy.

The uneasy cries of a sparrow attracted the attention of an observer the other day, who presently discovered the sparrow sitting well up in a pine tree. Just within a foot of the frightened bird buzzed a humming bird, its misty wings and keen beak suggesting a tiny aerial ram in flight and bent upon puncturing some greater craft in the air. The sparrow stood its ground until the beak seemed about to pierce its breast, and then took flight, with the angry little humming bird in hot pursuit. The humming bird soon returned, apparently having given up the chase, possibly because it had driven the enemy far enough from the nest.—New York Sun.

No man can add to his greatness by trying to belittle others.

TO WORKING GIRLS



FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—Miss JANET PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City.—\$5.00 per bottle. If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

ROMANCE IN VARIOUS GUISE.

Definition of the Word is Susceptible of Wide Diversification.

What is romance? Even the colloquial use of the term is varied. When we say "you are romancing" or call anything romantic as distinguished from what is real or what is true we mean one thing, but quite another when we apply the term romantic to natural scenery. And in this application we must distinguish between the effect upon us of that which we call romantic because of human associations with certain sights or sounds and that wildness of nature which we call romantic because of its absolute dissociation from anything human.

Keeping out of mind the use of the word in artistic and literary criticism, let us try to find what element of reconciliation there is in the diversities of colloquial usage.

In all that is generally called romantic in the cases above mentioned there is the common element of strangeness. We easily revert to what must have been the original sense of the word in its connection with those medieval modifications of the Latin tongue known as the romance languages. The Saxon or Celt would have found his native tongue sufficient for all ordinary needs, but if he caught the Roman air in any way, by travel or refinement of taste and habit, he would, to meet the newly developed need, borrow the graces of the Roman speech—that is, he would romance.—Harper's Magazine.

MIGHTY TREES OF SIERRA.

Greatest in Size of All Creations of the Living World.

During all the ages nature has favored the growth of forests on the Pacific mountains, providing the peculiar conditions which make them far different from, greater in size, more luxuriant, than any other in the world. Of all the creations of the living world none is so great in size, so majestic in presence, as the mighty trees of the Sierra and the Cascades. For here the air is always fertile with moisture, clouds blown in from the Pacific ocean rest among the mountain summits, even crowning the tops of the trees themselves, and here discharge their rain. The soil is deep and spongy with centuries of decomposing vegetable matter, furnishing an unequalled nurturing place for vegetation, and there are no extremes of heat in summer or depths of cold in winter, says the Century Magazine.

Every condition has been favorable to unexampled exuberance of growth not only of the largest trees, but of all manner of undergrowth, vine, shrub and brake. A huge tree falls, decays and is yellowed with thick moss. Immediately scores of young firs and cedars spring up along the top of it—the first chance of a bare spot in the wood. Old burned stumps, gathering soil in their hollow interiors, are nurseries for colonies of young trees, some strong individual finally shouldering out the others, growing larger, and, as the mother stump drops away, sending its roots downward into the earth through the disintegrating textures until it in time becomes a great tree.

Carlyle and His Home.

When the great writer Carlyle was engaged to Miss Welsh the latter induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by saying that two households could not live as if they were one and that he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was "all his own," adding that the moment he was master of a house the first use he would make of it would be to slam the door against noxious intruders.

EMERSON'S PROSE STYLE.

Held to Be Lacking in the Quality of Writers Called Masters.

What shall be said of Emerson's prose? Was Matthew Arnold right when, as an experienced critic calmly judging the favorite author of his youth, he denied that the "Essays," the lectures and "English Traits" formed a body of prose of sufficient merit to entitle Emerson to be ranked as a great man of letters? It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's countrymen frankly to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies, both of style and of romance, Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. His style, despite the fact that "Nature" and many of the essays contain pages of eloquent prose almost equal in power and beauty to noble poetry, was nearly always that of the lecturer or preacher rather than that of the writer. He too frequently lost the note of distinction and was content if he satisfied his far from exigent audiences. In diction, to be sure, he was a conscious and consummate master, and it need scarcely be said that few writers have surpassed him in the ability to compose a pregnant sentence. But, as is generally admitted and as is shown by his practice of piecing his notes together, he was rarely able to evolve a paragraph, much more a whole essay, in a masterly or even in a workmanlike fashion. It may be granted that critics have overemphasized his lack of coherence, that there is more logical unity in his essays than appears on first reading, that "English Traits" and the later volumes are far from being mere strings of "orphan sayings," but the fact seems to remain that the prose style of Emerson from first to last lacks the firmness, the compass, the precision, the flexibility, the individuality we demand of the prose writers whom we denominate masters.—Professor Trent in Bookman.

Hairdressing in Japan.

Hairdressing is an elaborate study in Japan, where the style of the coiffure generally indicates the position and age of the lady. Thus girls of eight or nine wear their hair in a bow at the back bound round with red crape, the front left bare except for two locks dangling at the side, and the marriageable damsels comb their tresses high in front and arrange them either in the shape of a butterfly or a half opened fan. A widow looking out for a second spouse twists her locks round a long shell hairpin placed horizontally across the back of the head, while she who vows to remain faithful to the dear departed cuts her hair short and combs it plainly back without any parting.

"What did your wife say when you came home so late?"

"I really don't know. I can just remember that I woke up three times, and she was still talking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bilious?

Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills. Gently laxative; all vegetable. Sold for 60 years.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE.

Young Husband—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you? Young Wife—That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.

A Good Beginning

If the blood is in good condition at the beginning of the warm season, you are prepared to resist disease and are not apt to be troubled with boils, pimples, blackheads and blotches, or the itching and burning skin eruptions that make one's life a veritable torment and misery.

Now is the time to begin the work of cleansing and building up the blood and strengthening the weak places in your constitution. During the cold winter months we are compelled to live indoors and breathe the impure air of badly ventilated rooms and offices. We over-work and over-eat, and get too little out-door exercise, and our systems become clogged with impurities and the blood a hot-bed of germs and humors of every kind, and warm weather is sure to bring a reaction, and the poisonous matter in the blood and system will break out in boils and pustules or scaly eruptions and red, disfiguring bumps and pimples. Make a good beginning this season by taking a course of S. S. S. in time; it will not only purify your blood and destroy the germs and poisons, but promote healthy action of the Liver and Kidneys and give you a good appetite at a time when you need it most.

S. S. S. improves the digestion and tones up the Stomach, and you are not continually haunted by the fear of indigestion every time you eat, or troubled with dizziness, nervousness and sleeplessness. There is no reason to dread the coming of warm weather if you have your system well fortified and the blood in a normal, healthy condition. It is the polluted, sluggish blood that invites disease germs, microbes and poisons of every kind and bring on a long train of spring and summer ailments, break down the constitution, and produce weakness, lassitude, and other debilitating disorders. Eczema, Acne, Nettle-rash, Poison Oak and Ivy, and other irritating skin troubles are sure to make their appearance unless the humors and poisons are antidoted and the thin, acid blood made rich and strong before the coming of warm weather.

A course of S. S. S. now would be a safe precaution and a good beginning and enable you to pass in comfort through the hot, sultry months and escape the diseases common to spring and summer. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and is recognized as the best blood purifier and the most invigorating and pleasant of all tonics. Write for our book on "The Blood and Its Diseases."

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Liver and Kidneys

It is highly important that these organs should properly perform their functions.

When they don't, what lameness of the side and back, what yellowness of the skin, what constipation, bad taste in the mouth, sick headache, pimples and blotches, and loss of courage, tell the story.

The great alternative and tonic

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Gives these organs vigor and tone for the proper performance of their functions, and cures all their ordinary ailments. Take it.

Naming the House.

The custom of naming a ship when it is launched with the breaking of a bottle of wine on the prow is a survival of an ancient practice which had many forms. In early times, when the frame of a house was raised, the bottle of wine was broken on the ridge-pole. The usage is mentioned in McLellan's "History of Gorham, Maine."

It was the custom at a raising to break a bottle of spirit on the ridge-pole and to repeat some rhymes, "naming the frame," as it was called. When, in 1839, Jacob H. Clement of West Gorham raised a stable, John Phinney, an old Revolutionary soldier who was present, repeated the following lines, which he said were used in naming the frame of Captain John Stephenson's house and barn, which were raised about 1775:

FOR THE HOUSE FRAME.

Cursed is the Tory's heart Which from the congress laws depart; If the laws they do not fear I hope they will not prosper here. And if the laws they do obey I hope they will prosper in corn and hay.

He Worked On.

Wife—George, this burning of the candle at both ends means an untimely grave—it is nearly 12 o'clock. Come to bed.

George—But I'm doing this night work in order to find money enough to buy you a birthday present.

Wife—Well, if you will persist in working of course I can't stop it. Good night, dear.

GREENBANK

BEST PRUNE DIP

Powdered 98% Caustic Soda. Pure Potash.

The Liquor Habit

Is successfully cured in 3 days by Dr. J. J. McKanna. Write for particulars. Address all mail to DR. J. J. McKanna, 14 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.



The secret of success is to stand successfully alone.

Hasty reading never gives much brain culture.

One advantage in salting butter when in the granular stage is that no second work is necessary.

HORRIBLY AFFLICTED WITH BOILS.

I had a horrible attack of boils that broke out all over my body and from which I could get no possible relief until I began taking your medicine, and from my experience I can safely say S. S. S. is the best blood purifier in the world.

Mrs. M. P. SMYTHE, Wytheville, Va.

THE BEST TONIC AND APPETIZER. While living in Sherman, Tex., I became a victim of impure, watery blood. I ran down in appetite and energy; was scarcely able to get about and had to stop off and rest occasionally. I took S. S. S. and began to improve at once, and after a thorough course became strong and well.

I think S. S. S. the best medicine I ever used as an appetizer and general tonic. J. G. SCOTT, 811 Railroad street, Rome, Ga.

A course of S. S. S. now would be a safe precaution and a good beginning and enable you to pass in comfort through the hot, sultry months and escape the diseases common to spring and summer. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and is recognized as the best blood purifier and the most invigorating and pleasant of all tonics. Write for our book on "The Blood and Its Diseases."

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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